

THE BALTIC FLEET  
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## THE DEPARTURE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

THE departure of the Baltic Fleet, on Saturday last, grand and inspiring as it may have been, was not intended for a show. It was the commencement of serious business. Though a beautiful sight, the many thousands of people who witnessed it were no doubt impressed with emotions of a deeper character than those which would have been excited by any merely holiday performance. The assemblage of such an armament is happily a new thing to the present generation; and pride in the resources and energies of the country, that could in a few months equip and prepare for sea, so magnificent a fleet must have been the predominant sentiment in the mind of every spectator. But the pride and the enthusiasm were tempered by natural anxiety. When the Queen of Great Britain, by a sudden evolution of her yacht, the *Fairy*, got in advance of the foremost vessel of the fleet, as if to lead it on the way to glory and to victory; when the sails of the noble vessel felt the impulse of the favourable wind, and it seemed as if the auxiliary and superior power of steam were scarcely necessary to convey them triumphantly to their destination, it was impossible to avoid a feeling of elation. Not only were the ships among the finest and most powerful that were ever constructed, and their gallant commander a man in whom the Government, the naval profession, and the whole public had an equal confidence; but—what distinguished the armament from those employed in the previous wars of this country—the crews were animated by the patriotic spirit of the people. They had not been gathered, either wholly or partially, from the highways and by-ways, by the cruel and degrading system of impressment, but had voluntarily enrolled themselves in the service of their country, and were as eager to come to blows with the enemy as if the war against the Czar were a quarrel personal to each of them. These considerations, added to the general conviction that the conflict in which we were about to engage was both just and inevitable, were more than sufficient to inspire the hope that the previous naval glories of the country are yet to be surpassed, and that the names of men still living will ere long become household words amongst us; and that the remembrances of the Nile and of Trafalgar will have competitors on the waters and shores of the Baltic destined to endure as long, and to shine as brilliantly, in the annals of the nation. The anxiety that threw a shade over these feelings was personal rather than national. It was impossible to avoid the melancholy inquiry, How many of these gallant fellows are fated never to return to the country for whose interest and glory they are about to struggle, and at what cost of human life are our victories to be purchased?

As Sir Charles Napier has more than once taken occasion to remind the public, it is not wise to underrate the strength of an enemy. But it is almost equally unwise to overrate it. For a period of forty-two years Europe seems to have fallen into the last-mentioned error with respect to Russia. The signal discomfiture of the Emperor Napoleon in 1812—not by the valour or even by the numbers of the Russians, but by the severity of the climate and the vastness and barrenness of the country which he had so recklessly undertaken to conquer,—gave the Russians a factitious reputation for invincibility, which they have ever since contrived to turn to profitable account. The glory which more refined and vigorous nations acquire by activity and prowess, Russia has managed to extract from her inaccessibility and her inertia. The coming war will speedily test her real strength. That she is strong we do not doubt; but that her fleet in the Baltic can match that of Sir Charles Napier, even without the assistance of our gallant French allies, we utterly disbelieve. We suspect that the Czar himself entertains a similar opinion, and that he has even less hopes of the safety of his Black Sea armament. A naval service, in which it is a rule that no attack shall be made upon an enemy unless the attacking force shall number three vessels for every two of their opponents, can scarcely have much confidence in itself. Yet such is the principle of Russian tactics; a principle which if attempted to be enforced as a rule for the guidance of the gallant fleets of England would, we are certain, excite the contempt both of officers and men, and be the forerunner of humiliation and of defeat. Our brave sailors would scorn to act in such a cowardly squadron. Neither England nor France, nor any other great country that we ever read of, in ancient or modern times, ever avowed or entertained such a rule of conduct. Ship to ship, or man to man, is with us and our allies considered a fair fight. When we look back upon the history of our previous struggles, both with civilised and uncivilised nations, we are reminded of the glorious fact, that many of the most splendid of our victories, and those which have been productive of results the most lasting, and the most beneficial, have been achieved with numbers greatly inferior to those of the enemy opposed to us. It is a popular belief among the gallant seamen of the British navy, that each Englishman is as good as three of any foe that can come against him; and the same daring notion has pervaded the British army, in every struggle in which it was ever involved. Such ideas inspire valour, even when they are ill-founded; but the Russian idea bespeaks a nation of slaves.

Independently, however, of all such considerations, the fortunes of the Black Sea and the Baltic fleets will be regarded with peculiar interest. At the close of the last European war, the power of steam was scarcely known. In the same year in which Napoleon invaded Russia, the first steam-boat ever launched upon the waters made its way slowly and painfully down the Clyde, amid the doubts of the wise and the jeers of the foolish. When Wellington and the Allies restored the peace of the world in 1815, a steam-vessel was a rare sight even upon the river Thames. So recently as fifteen or twenty years ago, many admirals and captains of the British fleet looked with suspicion and mistrust upon steam propulsion, and scouted the idea that a day would ever come when the "wooden walls" of Old England, in which Blake, Camperdown, Howe, Jervis, Nelson, and other heroes had achieved so many victories, would ever be superseded by ships of a different build and construction, propelled by a power that would render them independent of the winds. But all these prejudices are now as antiquated as if they had not been heard of for two or three centuries, although there are men still alive, and still young, who shared in them. But a steam-fleet has never yet been engaged in battle. These new leviathans

of the deep—no longer compelled by adverse winds, as the ships of Nelson and his predecessors too often were, to cruise hopelessly about for many months before they could fall in with their enemy,—will make their way directly to their point. With far greater rapidity than the Emperor of Russia could march another army into the Danubian provinces, the fleets of Great Britain and France can take up their stations at the entrance of the Baltic, and force the Russians into conflict, or into the shelter of their forts. Celerity is thus the greatest of the new elements which steam has introduced into modern warfare. Even should the screws and machinery of these floating monsters be damaged by collision with the foe, they can trust to their capabilities as sailing vessels for the means of advance, and remain, though partially disabled, as effective for all the real purposes of war as the old three-deckers that established our naval supremacy. Although the science of maritime warfare has thus been revolutionised to a great extent by modern progress in the mechanical arts, it is a feeling of curiosity rather than anxiety that is excited to learn how our new bulwarks will acquit themselves in the hour of need. If science have done much for our opponents, it has done more for us. It is to English genius and energy that the world owes the mighty power of steam. All its great developments have either originated or been brought to their present state of efficiency in this country. With well-founded confidence, therefore, in the justice of our cause, as well as in the strength and completeness of our armaments, every British heart will wish success to the Baltic fleet, and join in the spirit-stirring cry of

VICTORY! VICTORIA!

## THE ARSENAL OF PORTSMOUTH.

FROM Portsmouth—one of the greatest naval arsenals in the world—sailed Nelson, in 1805, to gather the never-fading laurels of Trafalgar; and from the same port sailed the gallant Exmouth, to chastise and subdue the Algerines. Spithead, at the conclusion of the last war, in 1814, was honoured with the presence of the Prince Regent and his Imperial and Royal visitors to a sham naval fight; and in August last the same spot witnessed a review and similar fight, under the gracious presence of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and a portion of the Royal Family. Once in each generation it is permitted, it would appear, for a British people to witness the imposing and interesting spectacle of its fleets going forth to war. Our fathers tell us of a time when the eastern cliffs of England were black with the congregated thousands who assembled there to bid God speed to squadron after squadron as it sailed from the Downs to chastise the enemies of their native land; and when from the heights of Kent an army of volunteers signed to be led forth to the great conflict. There are limless veterans, mutilated relics of that heroic age, who, at Greenwich, in the halls of one of England's noblest palaces, although hoary with age and enfeebled in voice, still chant with enthusiasm of a time when

With the spring fleet they went out,  
The British Channel to cruise about,

and we listen with enchainment and credulous attention, while in rough and perhaps unmusical numbers, they sing of the noble deeds of valour of all that belonged to that jovial crew of "the saucy *Arcturion*."

And it may occur that Saturday, the 11th of March, 1854, will become a memorable day; for on that day the FIRST DIVISION OF THE BALTIC FLEET left the anchorage at Spithead for its destination, in the presence of her Majesty and the Royal family, amid the cheers of myriads of spectators, and accompanied by the best wishes of the whole country: the sending forth such a fleet in such a cause—truth, integrity, honour—confers the noblest attribute to any country.

Of the great naval force which has been, for some time, mustering at Portsmouth, only three vessels were left on Saturday. The *Neptune*, the *Prince Regent*, and the *Boscawen* remained to form the nucleus of the second division, which, under the flag of Rear-Admiral Corry, has been ordered to follow Sir Charles Napier to the Baltic.

## ROYAL VISIT TO THE FLEET, ON FRIDAY.

In our late edition of last week we briefly recorded the Visit of her Majesty to the Fleet, which we this week illustrate in the large Engraving in the centre of the present Sheet. At noon, the Queen, attended by the Court, arrived at Portsmouth from London; and, proceeding on board the *Fairy* yacht, passed through the Baltic fleet at Spithead, on her way to Osborne. A few minutes before the guns of the *Victory* announced the arrival of the Royal train, the signal to dress the ship was made from the *St. Jean d'Acre*, in which Sir Charles Napier had his flag flying, and the order was immediately obeyed; and every ship was seen with her yards manned. Then, after a short pause, the *Fairy*, with the Royal standard floating from her mainmast, came gliding out of the harbour, and instantly, the crowds, assembled on shore, raised their loyal cheers for the Queen. Bending her course past the Platform Battery, the guns of which poured forth their welcome, the yacht steered at once for the head of the fleet, where the flag-ship lay. The salute then began, and was volleyed forth in grand style. Hardly had the flash of the first gun blazed from the side of the *St. Jean d'Acre*, when all the other ships were following her example, and for about a minute there was a tremendous roar of artillery. When the dense cloud of smoke had passed away, the *Fairy*—which looked in contrast with the vast ships, very like a Thames water-boat—was steaming swiftly through the fleet, on her way to Osborne. The cheering was taken up by ship after ship, as they were passed in succession, with overwhelming heartiness and precision. The *Royal George* and the *Duke*—the only three-deckers in the fleet—delivered their "Hurrahs" with thrilling effect. The *Black Eagle* followed the *Fairy* in her course, with a distinguished company on board. This truly animated scene is depicted in the large central Engraving.

Up to a late hour on Friday night myriads of persons continued to pour into Portsmouth. So far as regards that demonstration it was very like the review time in August last. Every hotel, every lodging-house, and even stable lofts, were eagerly seized upon. Illuminations took place on a scale never before witnessed at the port; and streets were crowded up to twelve o'clock by thousands of sight-seers.

## SATURDAY MORNING.—THE "NEPTUNE," FROM SPITHEAD.

The preparations for the great event of the sailing of the fleet, commenced at an early hour on Saturday, and all Portsmouth was abroad and stirring in order to be spectators of the scene. Shortly after eight o'clock, the *Neptune*, of 120 guns, one of the finest models of naval architecture in the world, which for more than twenty years has been in harbour, was towed out to Spithead by a small steamer. It was a strange sight to see that majestic hull towering aloft with its three decks and its lofty masts, and taken as a helpless prisoner by a petty steam tug, which could have been stowed away without inconvenience in any part on the deck of the noble vessel. The superiority of science over bulk could hardly have been better illustrated than in this case. Here was one of the finest line-of-battle ships in the world lying sluggishly at the mercy of the reluctant breeze, when, lo! a little black magician appears; and, taking the huge leviathan by the fin, cooly places her in her place in the proper order of departure. It is quite clear that sailing line-of-battle ships will soon be matters of history in this country. Vast crowds of people were assembled on the ramparts to see the ship pass out; and the ship's band playing many well-remembered tunes, gave to the proceeding, in connexion with the assembled fleet at Spithead, a more than usual degree of interest. The flag of Admiral Napier was shifted from the *St. Jean d'Acre* to the *Duke of Wellington* shortly before the *Neptune* arrived at Spithead.

## SIR C. NAPIER AT THE GUILDHALL.

The gallant Admiral having attended at the Guildhall to receive an address from the Town Council (the proceedings of which will be found in another column), proceeded to the Victoria-pier, to go on board the *Sprightly*, which had been placed at Sir Charles's disposal by the Port-Admiral, Sir Thomas Cochrane, for the purpose of conveying him, some members of his family, and two or three friends on board his flag-ship. The pier, which was crowded with people anxious to witness the embarkation of the gallant Admiral, was gaily decorated with the flags of

England, France, Turkey, Austria, and the United States, and with large banners, bearing in huge letters the words "God save the Queen, and give Success to Admiral Napier and our gallant Tars." It is impossible to exaggerate the enthusiasm with which Sir Charles was greeted, and it was with difficulty that he could make his way through the crowd, or clear himself of those who thronged around him to shake hands previous to his departure. Sir Charles was accompanied on board by his daughters, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Lacy, and Mrs. Jodrell, and on board the *Sprightly* he was received by Admiral Berkeley and Sir Baldwin Walker. As soon as the *Sprightly* got alongside the flag-ship, the crew gave the Admiral a cheer, so long, so loud, and so hearty, as to furnish a proof of how they welcome his appointment.—(See the Illustration of Sir Charles Napier's Departure, at page 244.)

## ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT SPITHEAD.

A few minutes before one o'clock, the *Fairy*—having on board her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal and Princess Alice, with the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and accompanied by Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane—followed by the *Elfin*, *Fire Queen*, and *Black Eagle*, was seen approaching the fleet; and, on the signal from the Admiral, a general Royal salute was fired in admirable style. Her Majesty, it was expected, would have come on board the *Duke of Wellington*; and the ladders, with a portion of the main and lower decks, were covered with scarlet cloth for her reception. She did not, however, inspect any of the ships. As the Royal yacht neared the anchorage, all hands were piped on deck to man the rigging; and certainly few sights could be more interesting than that which immediately presented itself. Standing on the quarter-deck of the huge vessel, no signs of animation or life could be seen on the vessel, save where the Admiral walked musingly, telescope in hand; or where Commodore Seymour and the officers of the ship and of the watch moved about the deck.

A moment after, and from every part of the ship came forth a mighty mass of human beings, and above a thousand men crowded the decks; away they ran up the rigging, and hung clustering together upon every rope and spar, like swarming bees. Five hundred men whom the rigging would not hold crowded the pinnaces and boats of the ship, or formed a line of blue jackets on the forepart; the marines drew up as guard of honour on the quarter and main decks, the ship's band struck up the National Anthem; and, unregulated and unconstrained by the "pipe," the crew sent forth such a deafening cheer as would almost have sufficed to drown the noise of one of their ship's broadsides. From every floating hive and human swarm that formed part of this goodly fleet went forth the same thrilling and ungoverned burst of enthusiastic loyalty. It was a remarkable cheer—one which may be heard once, but never forgotten in a lifetime.

(The Illustration at page 244 represents "The *Fairy*" passing Southsea Castle.)

In spite of all the enthusiasm, however, no one who witnessed the naval review last year could help contrasting the scene which now presented itself with the impression produced by the former spectacle. The naval review of last summer was a great national holiday, with the people in their holiday clothes and the ships in their holiday colours. The Sovereign came out in her yacht to participate in the spectacle, and to admire those wonders of naval architecture which modern science had just then added to the formidable array of "castles on the deep," in which the people of these islands rest their great hope of national security. But Saturday's proceedings had no holiday air about them. Boats passed from ship to shore incessantly, signal-men were in constant requisition, weeping female faces might frequently be met, as fathers, sons, or brothers, sped away to join their ships; and even the people, who came in thousands from all parts of the country to see the fleet off, wore an earnest and thoughtful expression of countenance, and seemed fully alive to the importance of the coming struggle in which Admiral Napier and his brave sailors are expected to play so conspicuous a part. The popular demonstrations in favour of that distinguished officer were, on the day of his departure, of the most enthusiastic and unequivocal character.

## THE ADMIRALS AND CAPTAINS ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

As the *Fairy* came up, signals were made for the Admirals and Captains of the Fleet to repair on board. The Royal yacht, having run to leeward of the fleet, hove to, and Admiral Napier, the Admirals Commanding-in-chief, and the Admirals of Division, Corrie, Chads, and Plumridge, with the Captains of the Fleet and Commodore Seymour, proceeded on board, and were presented to her Majesty by Sir James Graham and the other Lords of the Admiralty. After a short stay on board, the officers returned to their ships, and at half past one Admiral Napier gave the general signal to the screw fleet to get under way with sail.—(The Illustration upon the front page of the Number published with this Supplement, shows the Reception on board "The *Fairy*.")

## THE FLEET "UNDER WAY."

The *Royal George* was the first to be ready. Her sails were set and her anchor at the bow in about ten minutes, when she wore round like a cutter, and sailed away steadily with a pleasant south-west breeze, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators.

The spectacle now visible from the quarter-deck of the *Wellington* became one of intense interest. The Admiral stood, glass in hand, giving orders to the ships to "weigh" in succession; and immediately the signals were run up with magical celerity, and answered by the ships addressed in a moment. The shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle came faintly over the air, and the sailors were seen to crowd aloft and spread themselves along the yards. Soon the great sails were shaken out, swelling majestically in the breeze; and the ships indicated by uneasy movements at their anchorage the presence of a newly-applied momentum. The capstans could be heard at work to the sound of the life, and soon the great anchors were seen dangling from the bows, and the ships creeping slowly away.—(See the Illustration upon the front page.)

The *St. Jean d'Acre* and *Tribune* were soon under way, under single-reefed topsails; and the *Impérieuse*, *Blenheim*, *Amphion*, *Princess Royal*, *Edinburgh*, *Ajax*, *Arrogant*, and *Hogue* followed in quick succession. The *Royal George* was now making away for St. Helens rapidly; and as the sun filled the hollows of her sails it would be hard to imagine a more perfect type than she presented of beauty, symmetry, and power. The paddle-ships, *Leopard*, *Valorous*, and *Dragon* came next, rushing on under steam, and affording, in their plashy movements, a striking contrast to the stealthy pace of the screws.

The first division of the fleet being now fairly started, the signal was given for the "Great Admiral" herself to "weigh" and make sail; both of which operations were performed with the celerity and precision which might be expected from the numbers and aptitude of the crew, and the skill and experience of the commander. Every rope was hauled "home" in a moment, by the silent but simultaneous effort of a hundred men; the rigging was soon literally black with sailors; and, while the eye detected everywhere the greatest energy and activity, to the ear there was no sound perceptible but the boatswain's whistle and an occasional command from an officer, short sharp, and decisive.

The *Fairy* now shot past, receiving a cheer as she passed; and the visitors bade farewell to the *Duke of Wellington*, and returned to their first quarters in the *Sprightly*. The ladies of Admiral Napier's family were put on board this vessel, and were accompanied by Admiral Berkeley and Sir Baldwin Walker. Both of these great naval authorities seemed never to tire of gazing at the flag-ship, but ordered the captain of the *Sprightly* to keep close company, in order that they might watch and enjoy her appearance under canvas. It would require the skilled eye of a naval man fully to appreciate the qualities she now developed; but the magnificence of the spectacle came home to every one—and, once seen, could never be forgotten.

## HER MAJESTY "LEADING" THE FLEET TO SEA.

By this time the *Fairy* headed the fleet, her Majesty literally leading them out to sea, standing on deck all the time, and watching every movement with an interest that never tired.

The headmost ships had proceeded as far as St. Helens when they were signalled to shorten sail, to allow the *Duke* and the *Leopard* to come up. At this period her Majesty, as she returned to Osborne, was cheered by each ship which she passed, and as she crossed the bows of the *Duke*, the Admiral dipped his ensign. The *Fairy* hove to for some time to see the *Duke* fairly under sail; the crews manned the rigging and gave a most hearty and tremendous cheer. One of the crew climbed up to the truck of the maintopmast, and, seated upon it, waved his hat and cheered in the most enthusiastic manner. The tar, with two of his messmates, perched on the tops of the fore and mizen masts, and several others who were holding on to the top—struggling for the lofty perch, attracted the notice of her Majesty, who returned the cheer of the brave fellows by waving her handkerchief, and Prince Albert also acknowledged it by waving his hat. Her Majesty, having seen the fleet,



fairly off, returned to Osborne, where she arrived at 4.30 p.m. (*The Engraving at page 256 shows the Departure of the Fleet.*)

## FORMING DIVISIONS.

Having reached open water the order of sailing was formed in two divisions. Admiral Napier's and Admiral Chads' ships heading the divisions, consisting of the following ships:—

STARBOARD.		PORT.	
The Duke of Wellington (Admiral Napier.)	131	Edinburgh	58
St. Jean d'Acre	101	Hogue	60
Royal George	12	Blenheim	60
Princess Royal	91	Ajix	58
Imperieuse	51	Tribune	30
Arrogant	47	Amphion	34

The *Leopard*, *Valorous*, and *Dragon*, paddles, were on the weather beam and as repeating ships; and in this order the naval "Cincinnati" brought his flock of "early lambs" to the green anchorage of the Downs, where they arrived at five o'clock on Sunday morning.

## SMART HANDLING OF THE FLEET.

The manner in which the ships were handled by their crews was the subject of general approbation among the officers on board the *Duke*. The *Royal George* was particularly conspicuous for the short time in which she got under way after having received her signal. The *Tribune*, too, one of the smartest ships in the navy, and reported to be a match for any three British ships of her size, got away in splendid style. The *Imperieuse* and the *St. Jean d'Acre* also fully sustained their previous reputation, and upon no occasion was there ever a squadron which got under way in such excellent order. The double power which the screw has given to our navy was admirably displayed in the manner in which the ships, filled with their heavy engines, fuel, and armaments, stood out under canvas alone.

## COMPARISONS ON FORMER FLEETS AND THE PRESENT.

The chief expression which probably can be given to the thoughts of all who saw the fleet depart from Spithead will probably be found in the bald but telling statistics of the mighty fleet, which Sir Charles Napier has been chosen to command, and of the division with which he had put to sea. Its aggregates can only at present be set forth in general terms, the details being left for the next few weeks to work out. Of the division which set out for the Baltic, on Saturday, we can speak more definitely. It comprises eight screw line-of-battle ships, four screw, and four paddle-wheel ships of inferior rank, making a total of sixteen war-steamer; of which two—the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Royal George*—are three-deckers; while three carry Admirals' flags:—Sir Charles Napier's in the *Duke*, Admiral Chads' in the *Edinburgh*, and Admiral Plumridge's in the *Leopard*.

There is not a single ship in this Division dependent upon sails alone for propulsion; while there are twelve, including all the liners and the four largest frigates, which, being screws, are equally available as steamers or sailing vessels, or as both combined. In looking through the list, those who are conversant with naval matters will readily distinguish for themselves the old from the new, the fast from the slow, and the general characteristics and antecedents of each. For the general public, however, who have not that special knowledge, it may be interesting to state that the *Duke of Wellington*, the *St. Jean d'Acre*, the *Princess Royal*, the *Imperieuse*, and the *Tribune*, are those most recently turned out from our dockyards; that the *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, *Ajix*, and *Edinburgh* have recently been employed as blockships, and that the *Amphion* and the *Arrogant* were among the first, if not the first, men-of-war fitted with the screw. The *Royal George* was built at Chatham so long ago as 1827; the *Blenheim*, the *Ajix*, and the *Edinburgh* have all borne the brunt of war service already, the last especially, having been at St. Jean d'Acre; so that Sir Charles Napier takes with him to the Baltic at least one strong memento of former triumphs to help him in gaining new ones. The four paddle-wheel frigates will, no doubt, serve useful purposes in the fleet, though their construction is less favourable for fighting than the screws.

Of these latter, the division contains the earliest and the latest examples in the service, the difference of speed between the *Amphion*, which was adapted to that form of propulsion in 1846, and the *Tribune*, which was built at Sheerness in 1853, serving to show the progress which has been made in the last seven years. The most splendid and perfect specimen of naval architecture in the division, and in every way worthy to be the flag-ship of the Baltic fleet, is unquestionably the *Duke of Wellington*. She furnished a striking contrast to the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer the *Madrid*, which, shining in all the splendour of fresh paint, and puffing out volumes of angry steam, formed no inconsiderable feature of the marine spectacle in Spithead. The great man-of-war lay silent and grim, with an air of reserved strength difficult to rouse into action, but terrible when awakened. The commercial leviathan glided easily about with a conscious power of her own which she made no secret of showing, while her fiery-red roaring funnels seemed to growl out the whole wrath of the country at Russian aggression.

## "PLEASURE" AND "BUSINESS" IN FLEETS.

There were some features about the proceedings on Saturday which could not fail especially to attract the notice of spectators. As we have already remarked there was no parade or show in connection with the movements, such as attended the review of the fleet last August—no dressing of ships or mast-heads, but a business-like aspect marked every movement; there was work to be done, and it was done without any unnecessary parade. The intense enthusiasm of the crews was a subject to be remarked; and this was seen, not only in the reception which they gave her Majesty and the Admiral, but also in the manner in which they showed their ardour for professional occupation. As some of the excursion boats passed alongside the *Duke of Wellington* and cheered the gallant Admiral and his noble flag-ship, some of the blue jackets extended themselves beyond the port-holes, and threw their arms round the huge guns, as though they were caressing some noble steed, or fondling some faithful mastiff; and, as they slapped their hands upon the muzzles of the guns, or kissed their iron mouths, they expressed most significantly their confidence in the objects of their strange affection. One feeling alone appeared to weigh on the spirits of poor Jack, and that was, that they feared they would not be able to "bring the Russian ships to Spithead, to let the good people of England see them, but that they should be obliged—distressing alternative—to smash them at their anchorage."

Conspicuous among the numerous vessels afloat to witness the spectacle was the noble ship belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, the *Atrato*. The elegance of her build excited universal admiration. Notwithstanding the immense number of craft of all kinds which took visitors out at prices which would have far more than sufficed to have bought the boats right out, and the reckless manner in which they got in the wake of the large ships, or crowded round the Royal yacht, we are not aware of the occurrence of any fatal accident, although a somewhat serious one was very narrowly avoided.

## A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT AVOIDED.

A large number of pilot-boats were clustered around the *Duke of Wellington*, filled with women who had taken leave of the crew, when the *Sprightly*, conveying the Admiral and his friends on board, crushed in a most alarming manner a boat having some forty or fifty women on board. The confusion on board the boat was fearful, and all the efforts of Sir Baldwin Walker, who sprang into the apparently sinking boat, were unavailing to restore anything like order among the shrieking passengers. Captain Gordon, with admirable presence of mind, ordered the lower port-holes to be opened, and the ship's boats to be lowered, and a large body of sailors came to their assistance, and ultimately every person in the boat was lifted or dragged safely through the port-holes, happily much more frightened than hurt. The boat itself was seriously injured, and her sides bulged.

## THE PORTSMOUTH CORPORATION AND ADMIRAL NAPIER.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Town-council of Portsmouth, having determined to present the Admiral with an address, half-past ten o'clock on Saturday was fixed upon by Sir Charles for receiving it; and at that hour he proceeded to the Guildhall cheered and followed by crowds. There the Mayor addressed him as follows:—

Sir Charles.—It becomes my duty to announce to you that the Town-council of this ancient borough have resolved to present an address to you on your embarking from these shores to lead her Majesty's fleet, and, as we sincerely, most sincerely, trust, to add fresh triumphs to the list of those glorious victories which have shed imperishable lustre on the British navy. We further trust that, if it please God, you may be the instrument for producing in the mind of the Sovereign of Russia such impressions as will induce him to yield to the peaceful suggestions of united Europe, and to desist from those schemes of aggression which now appear to lead him onward. But whether you return as the triumphant warrior or the harbinger of a peaceful settlement of the Eastern question, considering that your career stamps you as one of the greatest men of the age, we have great pleasure, Sir Charles, in tendering to you our deepest

respect on this occasion when you are about to lead forward to action the younger members of that service of which you are so distinguished an ornament (Loud cheers).

The Town-clerk then read and presented to Sir Charles Napier the following address:—

## TO VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B.

Sir Charles.—We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the ancient borough of Portsmouth, having learnt that you were about to embark from our port to take command of the powerful fleet destined for the Baltic Sea (to which distinguished position you have been appointed by the favour of her Most Gracious Majesty), are anxious, ere you leave the British shores for the probable scene of actual conflict with that Power which has been fitly characterized as "the common enemy of Europe," in defence of the just and honourable cause which this nation, in conjunction with its allies, has espoused, to express our earnest hopes that you will be enabled, if the necessity arrives, to lead the mighty armaments of which you have the command to some great and glorious victory, and thus compel the Autocrat, who has so wantonly disturbed the peace of the world, to appreciate the courage and resources of England and France united, which he has hitherto dared to set so completely at defiance.

Great, indeed, is the responsibility which rests on you, and great are the expectations and anxieties with which the British people will be filled while you are engaged in the difficult and perhaps perilous duties to which your Queen and country call you. In those duties may the God of battles aid and prosper you; and may the combined force under your control, fighting in cordial union in a righteous cause, succeed in materially assisting to bring the warfare to a speedy and decisive issue!

You, and the equally brave and gallant men who will rally round you, will have the earnest aspirations not only of the inhabitants of this borough, but of the whole people of the United Kingdom. We wish you "God speed!" and pray that the war which has been thus needlessly forced upon Europe may eventually result in a still more lasting peace, check the barbarous policy of aggression, and promote the civilisation of the world.

Given under the common seal of the borough, this 10th day of March, 1854. G. C. STIGANT, Mayor.

Sir Charles Napier, who was vociferously cheered, said, in reply:—

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen.—When I tell you that I have had only twenty-four hours to get ready to go afloat, you will not be surprised if I decline to make a long speech; however, I beg to thank you for this very kind and handsome address. I believe it is not usual when a man goes abroad to have addresses of this kind presented to him, but all I can say is this—that I will do the best I can to prevent the British flag from being tarnished. I know a great deal is expected from the fleet, but, gentlemen, you must not expect too much (Cheers). We are going to meet no common enemy; we are going to meet an enemy well prepared. I am sure every officer and man in the fleet will do his duty gloriously; but, at the same time, I warn you again that you must not expect too much (Cheers). The fleet is a new one; the system of warfare is new; great consideration is required to ascertain how it is best to manage a fleet urged by steam. The system of warfare is entirely different now to what it was formerly; but we will do our best (Cheers), and I am sure I shall remember to the last day of my life the kindness of the people of Portsmouth (Loud cheers).

While the Admiral, having given this reply, returned to the George Hotel, the Corporation in their robes went in formal procession to the Victoria-pier, in order to be present at his embarkation. Sir Charles, again enthusiastically cheered on his way, arrived there about eleven o'clock, and (as before said) after much difficulty got on board the *Sprightly*, and was conveyed to his flag-ship at Spithead.

## PROBABLE PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

There is much speculation, of course, in naval circles as to the probable plan of operations. The more ardent of the gossips speak boldly of the bombardment of Cronstadt, and point to the large quantity of Moorsom's shells shipped as a proof that serious mischief is meant. It appears that the construction and materials of this terrible projectile is a Government secret; and so important is it deemed, that each ship's supply is numbered and registered in a book; and, whenever one is used, the why, the when, and the place, is carefully noted down, and the details forwarded to the Admiralty. This, it is said, looks like bombardment; but the more cautious shake their heads, and say that to attack Cronstadt with its 800 guns would be sheer madness. Others again speak of blockade; and a third hint at the capture and occupation of the island of Åland, as commanding the Gulf of Finland, and at once settling the doubtful neutrality of Sweden. In support of this hypothesis, it is alleged that Sappers and Miners go out, and that the ships take out a supply of scaling-ladders and other siege accessories. A few months will put to rest all these speculations, and perhaps add another to Professor Creasy's list of the decisive battles of the world.

## ARRIVAL AND ANCHORING IN THE DOWNS.

It having been stated that the fleet would pass Dover early on Sunday morning, all were on the *qui vive* eagerly expecting its appearance. It was not, however, until about nine o'clock that any positive intelligence could be obtained; it was then learned that the fleet was fourteen or fifteen miles south-west of Hastings, which it passed at eleven a.m. At this time the excitement among the inhabitants became very great. Large numbers crowded all the best positions for seeing the imposing pageant, the cliffs, piers, and beach being densely thronged with eager spectators.

One of the steam-boats brought over no less than 400 of the French from Boulogne; and for miles the vociferous cheers of our gallant neighbours were heard. The *Queen of the French* had the French people on board, and, in honour to our allies, she hoisted the French flag at the main, having the Turkish flag at the fore. As this vessel passed the British men-of-war the Royal ships dipped their ensigns in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic plaudits which cheered them on their way.

The South-Eastern Company despatched a vessel from Dover to meet the fleet at 12.40 p.m., which first sighted it at one p.m., disposed in two long lines, as nearly in mid-channel as possible; the colossal *Duke* leading the outer line, closely followed by the *St. Jean d'Acre*. The weather was as favourable as could be wished; not a cloud was to be seen, and the sea was almost unrippled. The fleet passed Dover at three p.m., and proceeded to the Downs; where they anchored at half-past four, and where they were to be joined by the *Euryalus*, 51, screw, from Sheerness, and the *Dauntless*, 33, screw, from Portsmouth.

[As the Review at Spithead in August last has been referred to in the several accounts of the departure of the Baltic fleet, it may be interesting to remind the reader that a copiously-illustrated report of the above Review appeared in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS (No. 640) for August 20, 1853. In addition to the details of the day's proceedings, and the Engravings of the leading manœuvres, this Number of our Journal contains an interesting *resumé* (principally from official sources) of the several vessels which were employed at the Spithead Review in August; and which include nearly all those now under the command of Sir Charles Napier. (See pages 150 and 151.)]

## THE SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

(From our own Reporter.)

UNDER the most favourable auspices, with favouring gales and brilliant sunshine, cheered by the best wishes and acclamations of hundreds of thousands of their countrymen, and inspired by the presence and under the guidance of their Sovereign, the stout ships and gallant crews comprising the first division of the Baltic Fleet, departed on Saturday from Spithead, on their momentous mission. Never have we witnessed stronger or more unmistakable evidences of national enthusiasm and sympathy than were exhibited by all ranks and classes who swarmed into Portsmouth towards the close of last week; and never, in the annals of England's naval triumphs, has a more powerful and efficient fleet been prepared with so much despatch. We may add, that never have the resources of science and the aids of machinery been more strikingly demonstrated than in the almost magical celerity with which twelve sail of the line were armed, manned, and fully appointed, within the brief space of a few days, to vindicate the national honour and protect the interests of Great Britain and her allies. It is unnecessary to say that Portsmouth and its tributary towns, Portsea and Gosport, evinced all the animation and excitement which the presence of the fleet, the hurrying on of the naval preparations, and the vast influx of visitors from all parts of the country

was calculated to produce. The interest and bustle reached its climax on Saturday morning, when Sir Charles Napier, the Admiral-in-Chief, who has received in advance all the honours and ovations of a great naval victory, was invited to the Guildhall by the Mayor and Corporation, and, in the name of the inhabitants, presented with an address well calculated to cheer and encourage him in his perilous task. Her Majesty, with her usual kindly consideration, postponed her visit to the fleet to afford time for the presentation of the address; and at eleven o'clock the gallant Admiral, amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of popular favour, proceeded through the crowded streets of Portsmouth to the Victoria pier, where, accompanied by his family and friends, he embarked in the *Sprightly* for his flag-ship the *Duke of Wellington*. The piers, the whole beach of Southsea, the long line of fortifications, and the heights commanding a view of Spithead, were by this time thronged with countless thousands eagerly watching all the movements to seaward; and the steamers and railway-trains from the metropolis and the coast towns continually poured in additional numbers; while steamer after steamer, loaded to the water's edge, and presenting nothing but a sea of heads, with yachts, pleasure-boats, long-shore boats—and, in short, everything that could swim, down to the little cockle-shell with a handkerchief for a trail—stood out to Spithead, and were soon lost under the gigantic shadows of the floating fortresses there assembled. Nothing could be more propitious than the weather for this grand naval spectacle; a brisk south-wester gave just sufficient movement and animation to the numerous craft to divest it of its holiday look; but there was not sea enough to affect the most sensitive, or excite the qualms of even the cockney seamen who, in rough pilot-coats, low-crowned shiny hats, and telescopes as high as themselves, were doing "the nautical" with epigrammatic impunity. Around each of the men-of-war were clustered swarms of shore-boats and luggers, filled with the wives and sweethearts and relatives of the seamen, and bearing last packages and messages, and freighted with final adieux to the gallant tars: all of these hung on or hovered about till the vessel got under way. Meantime, the excursion steamers and pleasure-boats went through the fleet, affording the visitors ample opportunity to view the formidable armament, the gigantic proportions, the massive construction, and the numerous and gallant crews who crowded the decks. The ships lay in grim repose, their sides bristling with artillery, their decks thronged with armed men, and their whole bearing evincing all the stern reality of war, as contrasted with the holiday pageant which took place the previous summer in these waters. Noon had long past, and those who knew her Majesty's punctuality, and who were unaware of the alteration in the arrangements, began to entertain serious misgivings that the Queen would not come, and that the fleet would not get under way. The practised eyes of the look-out men at length detected a light cloud of smoke in the direction of Osborne, a signal was run up to the mast-head of the Admiral's ship, and a Royal salute of twenty-one guns broke forth from each ship of the fleet: the loud acclamations of the people, and all other sounds, being lost in the roar and thunder of the artillery, while the fleet and its swarm of attendant craft were enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke. As the wind drove the smoke to leeward, the little *Fairy*, with its Royal freight, and carrying the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal Standard of England at the main, and the Union-Jack at the mizen, was seen cutting her way rapidly through the water; followed by the *Efin*, the *Fire-Queen*, and the *Black Eagle*, on board which were the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Graham, and a distinguished party. The Royal squadron steamed through the fleet, the several vessels manning the rigging and cheering enthusiastically as her Majesty approached, and the steamers and pleasure-boats, with their crowded freights, filling up the intervals with their desultory but not less hearty acclamations; the bands of the several ships playing the National Anthem. The Admiral's flag-ship had her side ladders and deck covered with scarlet cloth, and a guard of honour of the Royal Marines, drawn up in the waist, in anticipation of a visit from her Majesty; but the little yacht held on her course through the crowded floating mass, and, having to the leeward of the fleet, at the same time making a signal for "Admirals and Captains to repair on board." The barges and gigs of the several vessels were instantly lowered and manned, and the whole directed their course towards the *Fairy*; the Admiral's barge leading the way, with Sir Charles and his Captain in the stern sheets. By this time the crowd of steamers, yachts, and pleasure boats had approached, as close as propriety permitted, to the Royal yacht, the larger vessels taking up their station on the outside of the circle. Among them, the giant bulk of the *Atrato*, West India Royal Mail steamer, was conspicuous, and the *Madrid*, Peninsular and Oriental steamer. The vessels of the Portsmouth and Ryde Company, and numerous others from Southampton, Brighton, Newhaven, and other places, might also be observed. Her Majesty, with the Prince, the Royal children, her attendants, Sir James Graham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, were on deck to receive the naval officers as they arrived. Sir Charles Napier, with Commodore Seymour, Captain of the fleet, were the first on board. They were presented to her Majesty by Sir James Graham, and the Queen conversed for some few minutes, with much apparent animation, with the gallant veteran, who repeatedly bowed to her Majesty; and, if we may judge from the smile of gratification on the gallant Admiral's face as he retired, there were words of trust, and confidence and encouragement addressed to him, which could not fail to rouse every feeling of loyalty and determination in his breast. It has been said that her Majesty was somewhat affected while addressing the officers of the fleet, but whatever her personal feelings might be as to the solemn and important nature of the duty on which these stately ships and their gallant crews were about to depart, they were carefully repressed; and, from personal observation, we can state that the Queen's countenance was radiant with hope and satisfaction, and that her word and her smile were full of confidence and encouragement. The presentations were quickly terminated. As the barges from the nearer ships moved off, those from the more remote vessels came alongside; and by this means all confusion and crowding were avoided. On their progress to and from the *Fairy*, the Admiral and his brother officers were loudly and repeatedly cheered by the company on board the excursion vessels. The Queen was all animation, and apparently as much pleased with the enthusiasm of the people as with the completeness and efficiency of the formidable floating fortresses by which she was surrounded. Her Majesty wore a dark silk dress, a sable muff and victrolas, with a blue veil and parasol—the latter, probably, in compliment to the Admiral's flag. It is needless to say that the Queen's reception was most gratifying; and that, wherever the little *Fairy* appeared, the cheering and shouting were kept up without intermission. The yacht, in her light and brilliant paint, her tasteful carving and gilding, formed a striking contrast to the dark and massive forms of the men-of-war, and resembled a light and beautiful butterfly, as it sported over the waves, followed by its attendant steamers.

At two o'clock a signal-gun was fired from the *Duke of Wellington*, for the fleet to get under way; and now all was excitement. The shrill whistle of the boatswain was heard from the *Tribune*, 31 guns, the leading ship of the leeward line; and in an instant the rigging and yards were crowded with men; another moment the top-sails and top-gallant sails fell simultaneously, and the ship was covered with a cloud of canvas. The sails were soon sheeted home; and the head-sails being set, she swung round slowly and gracefully under the influence of the breeze, and proceeded towards the Channel. The *St. Jean d'Acre*, 101 guns, which had been in the meantime getting up her anchor, performed the same manœuvre, and in a few minutes was also under way, following in the wake of the *Tribune*. At a few hundred yards' distance, the *Imperieuse*, 51 guns, was the third ship; and the *Fairy*, which until now had been lying to, made a rapid sweep round the fleet to windward, followed by her attendant steamers, and took up her station a little in advance of the leading ship, as if marshalling the way for them to fame and glory. The movement was skilfully accomplished, and the effect was extremely fine. The enthusiasm of the people and of the crews of the men-of-war broke out afresh in repeated bursts of cheering; and never did her Majesty appear to greater advantage than when, in right of her proud position as mistress of the seas, she led the way for her gallant and well-appointed fleet. The *Amphion*, 34 guns, was the fourth ship under way; and then came the *Blenheim*, 60 guns, one of the guard-ships, painted with one streak like a frigate, but concealing in her lower deck a powerful armament of heavy guns which would most disagreeably astonish a Russian three-decker. The *Hogue*, *Ajix*, and *Edinburgh*, have also the same peculiarity, and are all of much greater real than apparent power. In common with all the larger men-of-war, the *Princess Royal*, the *St. Jean d'Acre*, the *Duke of Wellington*, the *Imperieuse*, and others, carry a ten-inch gun amidships, for throwing hollow shot, or shells; and another new and formidable engine of modern warfare, Moorsom's shells, have been supplied to all the ships, the destructive effects of which, in bombardment or in close action, are well known to our naval authorities. At three o'clock, the *Royal George* canted round, and a few minutes afterwards the *Duke of Wellington*





HER MAJESTY, IN "THE FAIRY," PASSING SOUTHSEA CASTLE.

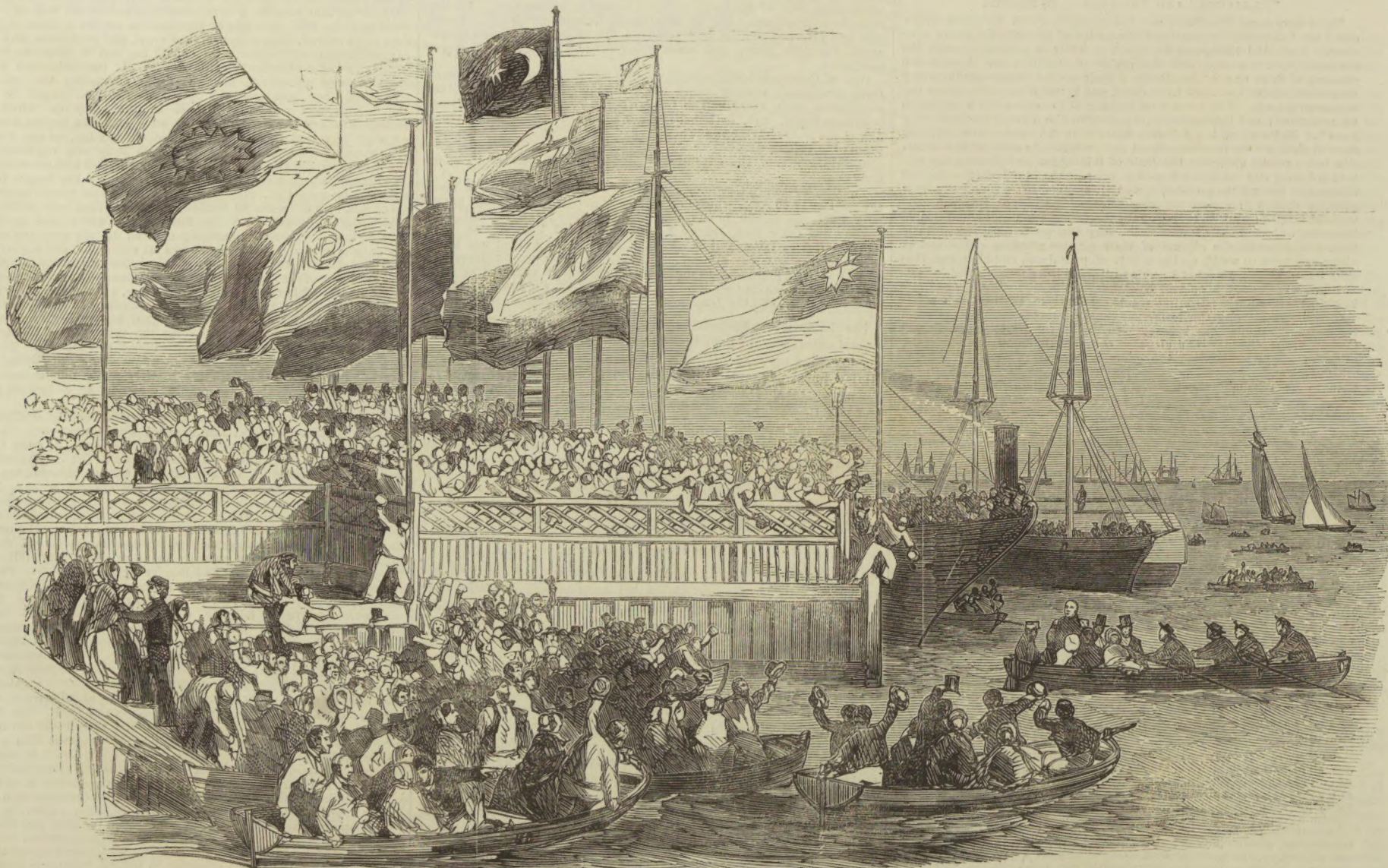
ton, the Admiral's ship, followed, bringing up the rear of the men-of-war. The whole of the twelve ships are screw steamers, but they all went out under canvas, the wind being favourable—the object being to economise their fuel. The *Leopard*, *Valorous*, and *Dragon*, paddle-wheel steamers, followed; and in this order they proceeded, in single line, towards the Nab light, followed by a whole swarm of boats and steamers. Within about a mile of St. Helens, the *Fairy*, which had till then taken the lead, was stopped, and the fleet went ahead under easy sail. Each vessel, as she passed the Royal yacht, again manned her rigging, and lowered her top-gallant sails, the crews giving three hearty farewell cheers, and the Queen and other distinguished personages on board the *Fairy*, waving handkerchiefs and hats in token of farewell. By the time the *Duke of Wellington* had approached the Royal yacht, the headmost ships had made a good offing, and were scarcely discernible in the horizon. The crew of the flag-ship, instead of stopping at the top, sprang up the rigging to the topmasts, one gallant fellow seating

himself on the truck of the maintopmast, and in this perilous position cheering and waving his hat. As soon as the flag-ship had passed, the *Fairy* again got under way and returned to Osborne, which the Royal party reached at half past four o'clock. Much comment and observation has been made upon the mode in which the several ships were handled in getting under way, and in the manning the rigging and yards; but we had an opportunity of observing very closely the manœuvres of every ship in the fleet, and do not hesitate to say that all of them acquitted themselves most creditably. We are borne out in this remark by the opinion of many naval veterans, who expressed their high admiration of the rapidity and precision with which the newly-collected crews of the fleet executed the various movements, and who augured most favourably from the manner in which these preliminary duties were executed. As soon as the fleet had made a good offing, signal was made to close and form in double line, the three paddle-steamers closing the line; and before dusk the ships

had got well up the Channel, standing to the north-east, under easy sail.

With the exception of a shore-boat stove in by the *Sprightly*, while going alongside the flag-ship with the Admiral on board, not the slightest accident took place, amidst the many hundred vessels of all sizes which crossed and jostled each other during the day—loaded so as to be almost unmanageable, and heeling over now and then in a manner that would terrify any persons who were not under the influence of some extraordinary excitement. In the shore-boat stove in alongside the flag-ship were a large number of women, who were quickly dragged through the lower-deck ports into the ship, and who appeared to regard their immersion as a providential dispensation, as it afforded them another opportunity of taking leave of their friends and relatives among the crew.

Independently of the deeper and more absorbing interest of this grand and imposing naval spectacle, it was one of great brilliancy and beauty—the fresh gale, the buoyant ripple of the water



SIR CHARLES NAPIER LEAVING PORTSMOUTH.





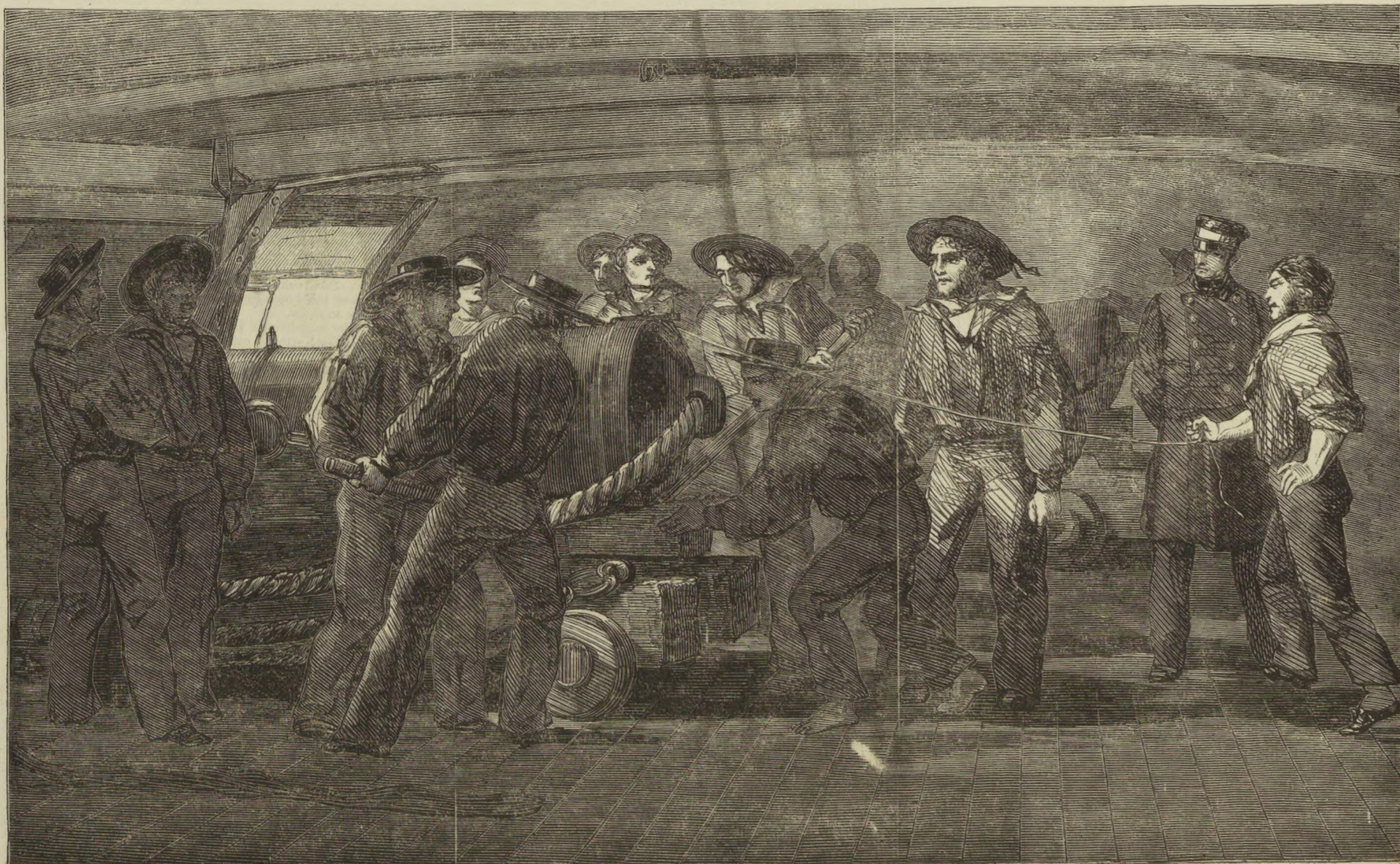
GUNNERY PRACTICE.—LOADING.—ON BOARD "THE ST. JEAN D'ACRE."

the occasional gleams of sunshine, followed by masses of heavy clouds, the vast number of vessels moving about under canvas or steam, the weighing anchor and departure of the noble fleet, and the presence of Royalty, formed a *tableau* which no verbal description can do justice to. Few of the present generation have beheld anything approaching to it in naval grandeur; and no one could have witnessed it without being deeply impressed with the evidences before him of the great maritime strength, the enormous material resources, and the indomitable energy of the country. Before dusk the great bulk of the visitors had been safely landed and conveyed to their destinations. There were a few complaints here and there of parties having purchased excursion tickets, who were left behind by the steamers, for the very sufficient reason that they could carry no more; and of others who had come down by the trains, and could not get back to town at the precise moment specified. Our only surprise is, that, with the vast amount of extra traffic, the service was so efficiently conducted; and, upon the whole, we believe there were as few real grounds of complaint on this as on any former occasion of a public spectacle of such magnitude and importance.

#### FITTING FOR SERVICE.

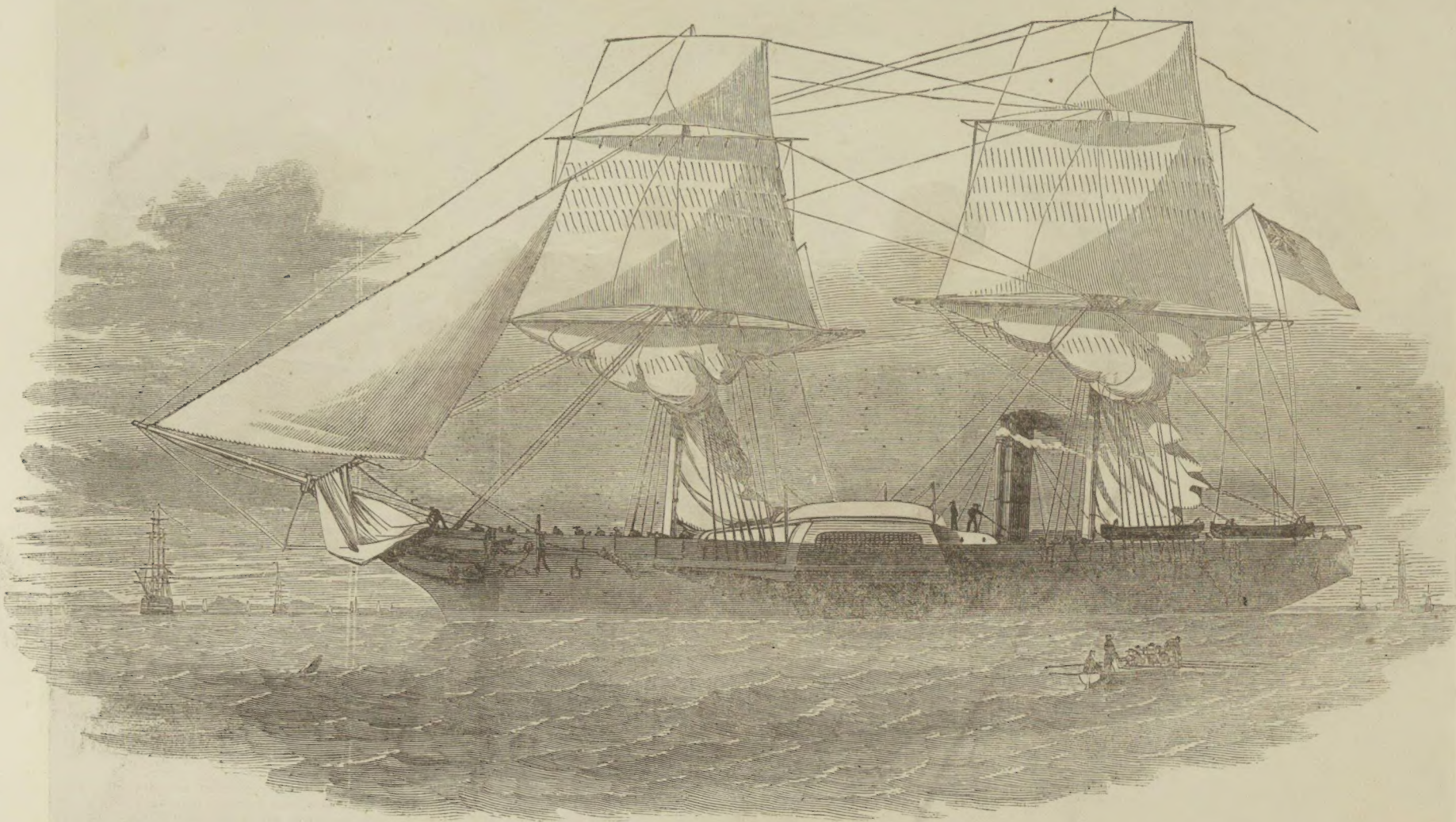
EARLY last week it was pretty generally known that the first instalment of the Fleet at Portsmouth would leave within a few days; and, probably, on a very short notice. On board the ships, therefore, every one, from the Captain down to the youngest boy, was fully occupied: "*Fitting for Service*," and for active service, too, was the order of the day. Fitting for service is a most comprehensive phrase. The ship being given, all that makes a ship complete remains to be found. The Captain finds full occupation in procuring all appliances and provisions from the Dockyard authorities and from those of the Victualling Department; and his subordinate officers are equally busy in applying things so procured to their proper uses. "Keeping up supplies of Provisions and Water," was one of the many essential operations which a visitor had frequent opportunities of observing during the period of preparation. "Drawing Gunnery Stores"—shot, shell, and such interesting items—also gave pretty constant occupation to ships' crews. These operations are so systematically done, that neither delay nor confusion can occur. The general results are truly wonderful, till one comes

to analyse the means by which they are arrived at. When we see the untiring zeal, and the practised ability and skill, of those who command; and observe the thorough good-will with which orders are carried into execution by those under command, all wonder ceases. There is not a class of men in existence who are more ready to see the proper use of any material under their control, or more prompt to put it into use, than sailors. Money is, perhaps, an exception to this rule. The noble ships which sailed from Spithead on Saturday was one of many manifest proofs of naval energy and skill. Even had no great purpose been embodied in those massive hulls which rode so tranquilly at their anchorage on Saturday morning, one look at them would have been ample compensation for a visit to Portsmouth. The Admiral's ship was, in itself, a picture not to be forgotten easily by those whose good fortune it was to see it. To manipulate those 131 terrible engines of war, this magnificent vessel carries within its giant flanks the population of a good-sized town, eleven hundred men, each man in his proper place, having his own peculiar duty to do, and doing it. After some weeks of constant activity, in the manner already indicated, and also in pretty frequent "gunnery practice," "firing at a



GUNNERY PRACTICE.—FIRING.—ON BOARD "THE ST. JEAN D'ACRE."





HER MAJESTY'S SURVEYING STEAM-SHIP "HECLA."

target," &c., the fleet was honoured with a visit from her Majesty on Friday. At one o'clock on Saturday the Queen again visited the fleet, and gave the signal for their departure, escorting them for some miles on their voyage. On this occasion the ceremony of "saluting" was performed with more than ordinary good-will. The boom of the cannon rolled eastward with the breeze, and was heard along the southern coast as far as Worthing, a distance of some forty miles from Portsmouth. The Royal salute over, signal was made at a quarter before two o'clock to "put to sea."

The two groups at pages 252 and 253, Man-of-War's Men and Royal Marines, have been drawn from life by George Thomas; and are fine specimens of the men forming these branches of the service.

THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

Ships of the Line (screws).	Guns.	Men.	H.-pr.	Commanders.
Duke of Wellington.	131	1100	780	Flag of the Commander in Chief Vice-Admiral Sir C. Napier, K.C.B., with Commodore Seymour as Captain of the Fleet, and Captain Gordon as Flag Capt.
Royal George.	120	990	400	Capt. Codrington, C.B.
St. Jean d'Acre.	101	908	600	Capt. Hon. H. Keppel.
Princess Royal.	91	850	400	Capt. Lord C. Paget.
Cressy.	80	750	400	Capt. Warren.
Edinburgh.	60	600	450	Flag of third in command, Rear-Admiral Chad, C.B., with Captain Hewlett as Flag Captain.
Blenheim.	60	600	450	Capt. Hon. F. Pelham.
Hogue.	60	600	450	Capt. W. Ramsay.
Ajax.	58	600	450	Capt. Warden.

STEAM-FRIGATES, &C.

Ships.	Guns.	Men.	H.-pr.	Commanders.
Impérieuse (screw).	51	530	360	Captain Watson, C.B.
Euryalus (screw).	51	530	400	Captain G. Ramsay.
Arrogant (screw).	47	450	360	Captain Yelverton.
Amphion (screw).	34	320	300	Captain Key.
Dauntless (screw).	33	320	350	Captain Ryder.
Leopard (paddle).	18	300	560	Captain Gifford.
Dragon (paddle).	6	200	560	Captain Wilcox.
Valorous (paddle).	16	220	400	Captain Buckle.

Thus, the first division of the Baltic Fleet, will consist wholly of steamers—amounting to 17 ships, 1017 guns, 9870 men, 7570-horse-power. Besides which there are four steamers—the *Desperate*, *Vulture*, *Basilisk*, and *Hecla*, employed in services connected with the North Sea, which may join the fleet.

The following, now ready and fitting, in various ports, will form the Second Division of the Baltic Fleet:—

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

SAILING.	Guns.	Men.	H.-pr.	Captains.	Ports.
Neptune.	120	970	—	Flag of Rear-Admiral Corry, Capt. Hutton.	Spithead.
St. George.	120	970	—	Capt. Pyres, C.B.	Plymouth.
Waterloo.	120	970	—	Capt. Lord F. Kerr.	Sheerness.
St. Vincent.	101	900	—	Capt. Scott.	Portsmouth.
Prince Regent.	90	820	—	Capt. Smith, C.B.	Spithead.
Monarch.	84	750	—	Capt. Erskine.	Sheerness.
Boscawen.	70	730	—	Capt. Glasville.	Spithead.
Cæsar.	91	850	400	Capt. Robb.	Spithead.
James Watt.	91	850	600	Capt. Elliott.	Devonport.
Nile.	91	850	400	Com. Martin, C.B.	Devonport.
Majestic.	80	750	400	Capt. Hope, C.B.	Chatham.

FRIGATES, SLOOP, &C.

SCRIPS.	Guns.	Men.	H.-pr.	Commanders.	Ports.
Miranda.	15	175	250	Capt. Lyons.	Sheerness.
Archer.	14	161	202	Capt. Heathcote.	Woolwich.
Conflict.	8	180	400	Capt. Foote.	Devonport.
PADDLES.					
Odin.	16	220	560	Capt. Yelverton.	Portsmouth.
Bulldog.	6	160	500	Capt. W. K. Hall.	Spithead.
Gorgon.	6	160	320	Com. A. Cumming.	Portsmouth.
Driver.	6	160	280	Com. Hon. L. Cochrane.	Sheerness.
Rosamond.	6	160	280	Com. Wodehouse.	Sheerness.
Prometheus.	6	145	200	Com. Rice.	Woolwich.
Alban.	3	60	100	Com. Otter.	Woolwich.
Lighthouse.	3	60	100	Capt. Sullivan.	Woolwich.
SAILING.					
Frolic.	16	130	—	Com. Nolet.	Spithead.

Making in the whole, as before stated, a glorious and powerful fleet of 34 vessels, 2200 guns, 16,000-horse power, and 22,000 sailors and marines!

THE CUBAN SLAVES.—Lord Clarendon having had the case of the liberated Cuban slaves now at Southampton, on their way to Liberia, brought under his notice, has ordered the Admiralty authorities in that town to see that every care is taken of them at the Government expense, and has promised them a free passage to Africa.

SURVEY OF THE BALTIC BY HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "HECLA."

THE steam-sloop *Hecla*, commissioned for the special service of conveying a large number of surveying officers to the Baltic, to make soundings for the approach of Sir Charles Napier's fleet, returned to Spithead on Monday morning. The *Hecla* had on board several masters of the navy, and some younger brethren of the Trinity House, under the command of Mr. Peter Wellington, Master, R.N. She mounts six guns: two 10-inch shell guns, of 85 cwt.; and four 32-p. under, 65 cwt. We annex the details of the Survey, which took her over 3000 miles of sea: she met with notice in the Baltic.

The *Hecla* left Hull on her outward voyage on the 19th ult., and anchored in the harbour of Fiekkelfjord on the 22nd, and left on the 23rd for Christiansand (weather very threatening, and snow-storms very prevalent), where she anchored the same evening, and Mr. Wellington communicated with the British Consul; from Christiansand she proceeded to Christiania, and carried a line of soundings across the harbour, thence to Fredericksvarn, a small port near Laurvig, where she anchored on the 24th. The Commandant of that port furnished a Government pilot and a set of Norwegian charts for the whole of Christiania Fjord. She left on the 25th for Laurvig Bay, and steamed about there, then proceeded up Christiania Fjord, past Hosten, to Drobach, where she anchored in the evening. The anchorage of this place was found very bad. The *Hecla*'s party went across to Christiania in sledges, and were well received. She left on the 28th, and proceeded down the Fjord of Christiania. On the 1st instant she sighted the lights of Wingo Sound at midnight, hove to, proceeded at daylight in through Warholm, Flemish, and Hawke-roads, and in and out of the north, middle, and south channels. She left Wingo Sound on the 2nd, made for the Skau, on the coast of Jutland, and proceeded along Albeck Bay and Fredericksvarn. She sounded all the way; in the evening anchored in Nyborg-roads; and, on the 3rd, passed between Kalsk and Spogo, noting the leading marks in and out; also the marks on the Vengeance shoal. Then she went by the Langland Deep S.S.W. through the Great Belt, and anchored at Kiel the same night. Here she received orders to return to the Downs, in consequence of some Russian frigates being in a dangerous vicinity. It would have been a grand chance for a powerful Russian frigate to have grabbed all the masters belonging to the Baltic fleet. The masters as well as the pilots were told off, and stationed at the guns, in case of falling in with a Russian of superior force.

The *Hecla* left Kiel about eight o'clock in the evening of the 3rd, and arrived off Copenhagen on the 5th, having made Dars Point on the previous morning, and examined the locality of the Plantagenet shoal, where a line-of-battle ship sank some long time since. She found the shoal accurately marked on the chart; and commenced her return on the 7th, so as to be in the Channel on the 12th (as ordered). The Danish Government, she found, had recently issued an order that no vessel should anchor within a certain distance of the Trekroner Battery. The *Hecla* found that the Great Belt is easily navigable. Christiansand appeared to be the best port for a fleet to anchor in on the coast of Norway; Wingo Sound, on the coast of Sweden; Nyborg, in the Great Belt; and Kiel Bay, on the eastern coast of Holstein, a little to the south of Schleswig—the most advantageous of any for a large fleet. It is a capacious and most beautiful bay, and possesses the paramount advantage of communication by railway with Hamburg, besides any amount of victualling supplies, which are both good and cheap. Coals also are plentiful, and may be had at a reasonable contract price.

The *Hecla* arrived in the Downs at one o'clock on Sunday morning, and left for Spithead at 10 a.m. She fell in with Sir Charles Napier's fleet, off Dover, at half-past 1 p.m., in two divisions, under steam, and all plain sail. The Admiral made signal to shorten sail, and for the *Hecla* to commence supplying the weather division with the masters and second masters belonging to them, and two pilots (forty of whom she had on board) to each. She commenced with the last ship of the lee division, and did not finish transhipping all the officers until 7 p.m. Sir Charles expressed to Master Commander Wellington his high satisfaction at the opportune punctuality of falling in with him, and the manner in which he had performed the duty intrusted to him. After disembarking Commander Scott, R.N., and Captains Fenwick, Bailey, and Sidney Webb, of the Trinity-house, the *Hecla* proceeded for Spithead, where she arrived between seven and eight on Monday morning. She went into harbour in the afternoon, and commenced coaling, to return to the fleet with despatches, and some necessaries for the Commander-in-Chief.

THE BALTIC SEA.

THERE is no marine excursion in Europe more capable of beguiling the leisure, or of gratifying the curiosity, of the peaceful traveller than a sail, at the right time of year, up that labyrinth of isle-entangled and coast-sheltered waters, which so many gallant Englishmen are now about to visit in a very different manner. But it is necessary that they should go thus to render it possible that others should continue to repair to the same scenes, either for personal pleasure, or for the profit derivable in an immense and beneficial commerce—checked and paralysed at present by the ungovernable ambition of one tyrant, who appears to be as deaf to the voice of common prudence, as to that of political honesty and public law. That magnificent fleet—which, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, will, we trust, soon vindicate the outraged rights of nations, relieve Europe for all future time from the menaces of the modern

Huns and Vandals, restore the intercepted currents of traffic and of business to their thousand channels, and establish the true interests of the world on a basis of civilization so firm and solid as not to be soon or easily shaken again—will pass by many a beautiful and memorable spot, and will first awaken its thunders amid scenes which never echoed to the like before; and never, indeed, in some instances, heard the artillery of a great naval armament, fired in anger, since the world began. For, of course, the theatre of action lies much further east than in our last Baltic expedition. Artillery, indeed, and worked in anger and in earnest, has resounded over the Gulf of Finland; but it was that of land troops, when, in the depth of winter, armies have met and fought on the solid pavement of ice, carpeted with snow, which overspread the waves of that inland sea. Our expedition is of a different nature, and must wait for a different season, and for the thaw of the Baltic.

The first thing to be remarked respecting these waters bears an immediate relation to the main principle on which the out-going expedition is equipped. There never yet was an armament so completely furnished with the formidable agencies of steam, and steam in its most efficient form of warlike application—steam with the screw-propeller, the motive machinery of the ship being considerably below the water mark, and out of the range of the enemy's fire. On the other hand, there is, perhaps, no sea in Europe where there might be more pressing occasion for steam to facilitate the warlike operations of a fleet. In the Black Sea, where there are sudden and violent storms, steam might often save a vessel; and, indeed, this new power must be an advantage everywhere. But, in the Baltic, which is almost wholly formed by the concentric discharge of great rivers, and where very little wind-power, or opportunity from ocean currents, can ever be anticipated, the moment for an operation might, without the resources of steam, pass away before the ship could be concentrated at the requisite spot.

The next peculiarity of the Baltic, and of the gulfs in which it terminates, is exceedingly important. The ice does not leave the whole of that sheet of waters simultaneously; the western parts are disengaged much sooner than the eastern; and, from west to east, the process of liberation once begun stretches further and further, by well known gradations. Now the Russian fleet is not concentrated in any one place; and if it were possible (which is for Sir Charles Napier's judgment, and not for that of laymen) safely to enter the nearer waters, the moment they are free, and to follow the thaw as it advances, it is evident that the Russian ships, found successively in various ports, or intercepted in their egress, or overtaken in their flight, must fall in detail, easy and bloodless prizes, almost without a blow. The attempt would have its hazards; and those most accustomed to that navigation, and to the localities, might fare the best. Many a good vessel has perished just after the thaw, amid rocks which no chart can indicate—the rolling masses of half-sunken ice, which for many days infest the whole of that expanse, from shore to shore.

Having beheld the magnificent pine-crowned cliffs of Norway, and threaded the isles of the Kattegat, our expedition will approach, between beautiful scenes and famous coasts, the two formidable gates of the Baltic—in the direct line, the Sound; and, by a little circuit to the right the Great Belt. Nothing can be compared to the difficulty of these entrances (if they were in the hands of an enemy) except the Dardanelles. Russia, on the other hand, is under arrest in her own dominions, with sentries at the only egresses, and must never go, except by permission and on sufferance, into the high seas.

All the scene around the expedition is the ancient nursery-ground of existing Europe: the Scandinavian fastness, or system of fastnesses; the home of the Scald, the sanctuary of the Saga, the starting-point of the victorious Norman, the cradle of all those modern empires which have developed their municipal greatness out of the feudal but heroic societies, issuing of old from here. Having passed renowned Elsinore, and fairly entered the Baltic, the fleet may be imagined to "refuse" Sweden, and to be pushed, well in hand, between Bornholme (legendary land) and Rugen, along the lower or southern shore. Beyond Dantzic and the mouths of the Vistula our brave seamen will expect immediate business, and sail with watches still more alert. At Memel they will leave all that is even nominally neutral behind them, and try what the gripe of the bear is really worth. There runs the frontier of Russia. Not far, on the Niemen, stands Tillit, memorable in the history of the last Emperor of Russia, brother to Nicholas. The Memel (or Russ, or Niemen) pours its waters into the Baltic, on this side of the town of Memel; and from that to Riga there is no great port to shelter Russian vessels. If our fleet passes on, it is likely that these Russian vessels will not venture into open sea, but will wait till Sir Charles comes back and invites them to follow him; but meantime he will have done something worth notice at the great naval dépôt, in Archangel, terminating the Gulf of Bothnia, preliminarily, at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. If Sir Charles can pass Cronstadt (and we have long since heard an opinion attributed to him on this head), the war will not last a month beyond the forcing of that vaunted barrier. On his return he should take a glance at Narva, for the sake of the memory of his namesake, poor Charles XII., and he should look in at Revel, on many accounts. Revel is interesting. Revel has been, at various times, a Hanseatic town, a Danish apogee, a fief of the Livonian Teutonic Knights, and a Swedish dependency. It was obtained from Charles XII. by Peter the Great. It was under Denmark till 1847; under the Teutonic Order till 1561; under Sweden till 1700; and has been under Russia ever since. To whom will it belong in the summer of 1854? Is it possible the Scandinavian nations should not feel which side in this quarrel their interests and their honour should espouse?





MAP OF  
THE BALTIC SEA

Scale of English Miles.. 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 110 120 130 140 150 Miles

DRAWN & ENGRAVED BY JOHN DOWER — LONDON.





HER MAJESTY LEAVING PORTSMOUTH TO VISIT THE BALTIC FLEET.—(SEE PAGE 242.)





THE POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY

THE MUSIC BY JOHN GRAY.

*Briskly.**May be sung in D flat.*

Don't you

know the wrong you're do-ing? Migh - ty Czar! migh - ty Czar! Don't you see there's mis-chief brewing? Migh - ty Czar!

France and

En - gland, one in coun - cil, Are im - pa-tient for the day, And are steam-ing to the Bal-tic, Ripe and rea-dy for the fray. We have

hearts that ne-ver fail us. So look out for wounds and scars; For there's Char - ley Na - pier com-ing, With his gal-lant Jack

Tars! For there's Char-ley Na-pier com-ing, With his gallant Jack Tars!



## THE BALTIC FLEET.

I.  
Don't you know the wrong you're doing?  
Mighty Czar! mighty Czar!  
Don't you see there's mischief brewing?  
Mighty Czar!  
France and England, one in council,  
Are impatient for the day,  
And are steaming to the Baltic,  
Ripe and ready for the fray.  
We have hearts that never fail us,  
So look out for wounds and scars;  
For there's Charley Napier coming,  
With his gallant Jack Tars!  
For there's Charley Napier coming,  
With his gallant Jack Tars!

II.  
Oh, you think you're very clever,  
Mighty Czar! mighty Czar!  
But we'll do our best endeavour,  
Mighty Czar!  
To convince you of your folly.  
We are strong when duty calls,  
And since reason will not teach you,  
Here's success to cannon-balls!  
You shall rue the day you roused us  
From the sleep of bygone wars.  
So, look out for Charley Napier,  
With his gallant Jack Tars!  
So, look out for Charley Napier,  
With his gallant Jack Tars!

III.  
'Tis a foolish course you've chosen,  
Mighty Czar! mighty Czar!  
Russia's strong, no doubt—when frozen—  
Mighty Czar!  
'Twas not you that beat Napoleon,  
But your ugly ice and sleet;  
And we'll profit by the warning,  
And we'll try you with our fleet.  
Ere you feel the summer breezes,  
You may thank your happy stars  
If you do not yield to Napier,  
And his gallant Jack Tars!  
If you do not yield to Napier,  
And his gallant Jack Tars!

## BLUE-BOOKS ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

(Continued from page 191.)

IN our rapid, but, we trust, clear and available, condensation of these voluminous papers, we have now reached the point where our Cabinet, about the end of March, last year, not content with countermanding Colonel Rose's summons for the Malia fleet, sent him, as an explanation of their decision, a brief and frigid despatch, which virtually and implicitly amounted to a reprimand. Ministers were soon rewarded for the patience of their honourable, but too confiding, and too costly, credulity, by receiving the most emphatic and profuse thanks from the enemy, in a despatch of Count Nesselrode's, which we reproduced in our last article. Our Government were pleased with the message, and were confirmed in their error. Fresh intimations were given to the public that the Eastern dispute was approaching a pacific and satisfactory termination. Nevertheless, in spite of the most sanguine hopes which an obstinate belief in the rectitude and probity of the Emperor Nicholas's personal character continued to excite in the minds of Lord Aberdeen, Lord Clarendon, and some other eminent English politicians, there was something so grave, something so dark, or, at the least, so indistinct, in the colour which the embroilment had assumed, that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was ordered to return at once to his post. Even that able diplomatist—to judge from one remarkable expression used by him in a former and early despatch—had originally, like the rest, given the Russian Emperor credit for principles incompatible with the projects which were now slowly coming to light. Colonel Rose appears at no time to have been deceived; and, if his Government, for a moment, subjected him to mortification, and treated him as a precipitate alarmist, he was soon vindicated by the most convincing of all advocacy—that of events. The mistake is, at this time, to suppose that, by ordering up the fleet in March, 1853, to the Greek waters, to join the French squadron, a war must immediately have been entailed; or even the chances of a peaceful adjustment rendered, in any sense, or in any degree, less solid. Undoubtedly, Russia thanked Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon, with fervent alacrity, for the passive attitude they then maintained; acrimoniously censuring France, in the same despatch, for the contrary policy. But, after the passage of the Pruth, we should have had a right, without justly incurring war, to have gone not merely to the Greek waters, but (Turkey consenting) to the Black Sea. About that right there was, and there could be, no dispute. That which alone was then apparently in question was, how far we were disposed to stand upon rights, and how far to waive them and to neglect them—even when momentous interests and the safety of Europe depended upon their maintenance. Russia, which felt its way all through the earlier stages of this transaction, was then watching our movements with close and intent scrutiny. Her first error about our indifference was, of course, countenanced unawares; her other illusion, that we were disinclined to act with France, was also encouraged and strengthened; for, on the one hand, France was seen to take a step; and, on the other hand, for merely proposing a similar step, we were seen to give one of our ablest and most zealous English envoys an official slap in the face.

The next stage of the transaction may be said to date from the moment when our Ambassador to the Ottoman Court had arrived once more at his post. This was on the morning of the 5th of April; and on that very day our active Envoy addressed himself to his work. At first, the business seemed to soften. Prince Menschikoff, holding back in impenetrable mystery the ulterior demands which he had come to urge, used great instance respecting the question of the Holy Places. The wisdom and moderation of the French Emperor rendered it evident that no serious difficulties would arise about that point; and, on the whole, Lord Stratford was in hopes that this lengthened disturbance would be appeased, and that the peace of Europe would be maintained. Still the Russian armaments were prosecuted with extraordinary activity; and, when explanations on this head were asked at St. Petersburg by Sir H. Seymour, Count Nesselrode returned answers which, from the outset, were felt to be at least evasive, and soon were proved to be prevarications and falsehoods. Another circumstance was, that the tone adopted by Russia was evidently different, in the different scenes of this widespread transaction. The language of Count Nesselrode was not consistent, for example, with that of Prince Menschikoff; so that, despite of some transitory and occasional appearances of the likelihood of an amicable settlement, there were very sinister and very ominous signs remaining, which kept every Government in Europe and the whole commercial world in a state of disquietude and suspense.

On the 8th of May, the mask of this question was finally removed; in so far that, from that day forth, Prince Menschikoff could no longer make the Russian claims for certain privileges at the Holy Sepulchre, &c., the ostensible motive of the menaces or of the preparations of his "orthodox master." The question of the shrines was settled conclusively and definitively on the day in question; and it would be hard to exaggerate the praises due to the French Government and its Minister, M. De la Cour, for the temperate and conciliatory manner in which they carried the previous negotiations to a close; or those praises which, with equal justice, belong to our own Ambassador for the ability of the counsels with which he facilitated and expedited the arrangement.

This matter being done, and "done with," it would now be seen at what Russia was really aiming in the minatory and half-armed mission of Admiral Prince Menschikoff. The representatives of France and England could henceforth act in concert; and they did.

We approach a serious point in the progress of events. We have remarked that, now, Prince Menschikoff would be obliged to speak out. He lost no time. Fourteen days, and no more, after the settlement of the Shrine dispute, the Russian Envoy departed from Constantinople, shaking the dust from the soles of his shoes. This departure of the Russian Plenipotentiary occurred on the 22nd of May. All the significant firmness of the French Ambassador—all the eloquent and officious (or extra-official) efforts of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, to prevent the fatal step, were in vain. Prince Menschikoff demanded such powers of internal intervention and protection for the Emperor of Russia, in regard to the Greek subjects of the Porte in European Turkey, that, had they been conceded, they would have made the Sultan, who, in that part of his dominions has but 4,000,000 of Mussulman vassals and 10,000,000 of Greek subjects—a mere Lieutenant of the Czar, and, indeed, his tenant-at-will in occupation of the Byzantine peninsula. The Emperor of Russia would at once have become absolute master of Turkey in Europe, with this additional inconvenience (beyond the violation of treaties, and the insecurity, and indeed ruin, entailed upon the whole of Europe), that the first exercise of his new authority must have taken effect, not by means of a peaceful ukase but by means of a bloody and desolating revolution. The "Christian" majority might rid themselves of the heathen minority by a "religious" carnage, justifying an orthodox *Te Deum* in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg; and then an installation of the Russian Emperor at St. Sophia, and a great intonement of the Greek Creed (with "*Filioque*" omitted), thundering over the waves of the Bosphorus. In logic, in policy, in business, the whole proposition of which Prince Menschikoff's ultimatum consisted had the look of a joke; but it was urged and pressed with tragic earnestness, and with every artifice of bullying and of menace. It was rejected with serious courtesy, and with unalterable firmness; and, at last, to repeat our quotation from the French Emperor, "the Powers of the West awoke from their sleep." Too long, indeed, had that somnolent confidence, or generous "credulity," continued. Even in the waking, there was a lingering reluctance to believe in the worst. But it was only believing in the facts. No alternative remained.

It is remarkable that the despatch in which Lord Stratford announces Prince Menschikoff's departure contains also intelligence that, both at Galatz and at Trebizond, there were already "*appearances of a military advance*." Reconcile this, if it be possible, with the pacific professions of Russia; bearing in mind that the result of this Menschikoff mission could not yet be known at St. Petersburg; reconcile it, if that be practicable, with honourable or straightforward intentions of any sort. Suppose, for instance, that the Menschikoff proposals had been accepted by Turkey (as they very nearly were; for the Divan was, at one moment scared out of all presence of mind and completely panic-stricken), the advance of troops must have equally taken place; it was manifestly so directed and so commanded, that it was not dependent on the result of the negotiations—that result being uncertain, when the military measures were actually in operation. What, then, was the design of the treacherous and unprincipled aggressor? To coerce the reluctance of Turkey, if she refused, and to destroy her if she complied; for, be it remarked that, by compliance, the Porte would have parted with all virtual authority, and all practical means of control over the immense majority of its European subjects, the Greek Separatists, banded in conspiracy, ready for an armed rising, and abetted by the advancing Russian forces; and the very same act which would have thus unbridled the Greek malecontents, would simultaneously have enraged the Mussulman population, estranged it from the throne, and deprived the Sultan of those enthusiastic defenders, of those very champions, whom his firmness has since rallied to his defence. Well, indeed, might Count Nesselrode thank the English Cabinet for refusing to send our fleet to that identical scene of action, to wards which, at the same moment, the Russian troops were stealthily converging, both in Europe and in Asia, under predetermined orders, and with all the expedition that the fell energy of rapacious despotism could impart to their movements.

The French Government now took the start of ours. Disclaiming again, by an ostentatious and supererogatory precaution, all intention or wish to obtain a proteo orate over the Latin Christians of the East, and thus doubly and trebly justified in resisting the Greek Protectorate claimed by the Czar, the Emperor Napoleon determined to send the French fleet to Besika Bay; a resolution notified to our Cabinet by Lord Cowley, on the 5th of June. Three days later, on the 8th, Baron Brunnow communicated to Lord Clarendon the decision of the Emperor Nicholas to seize the Principalities, and to keep them as "a deposit," until all his claims upon Turkey should be allowed.

The Turks encountered the emergency with a spirit as well as with material resources, which astonished all men. On the 15th of June, our Cabinet learned from a despatch of Lord Stratford that Omer Pacha had gone to Schumla in command of a very considerable force. How that force has since been augmented, been fourfold multiplied by the volunteers from Asia, by the contingents from Egypt, and by the general effort of the ex-heros of the Ottoman Government, we need not record. And now a singular page is turned; where we find military and diplomatic operations simultaneously adopted; war on the Danube, and negotiations for peace, all over Europe. To show the colour which these negotiations were ultimately certain to assume, it is necessary to do no more than intimate how Austria spoke, even at that early moment. There was no country in so critical or so difficult a situation as Austria in affairs directly provoking the activity or involving the interests of Russia. Hesitation could be understood and excused. But there was no hesitation; there were coldness and reserve, and a grave, and even solemn attitude; but, from first to last, there has been no change of language, except to say with greater and greater emphasis, as the discussions proceeded, what had been more mildly and gently hinted at the beginning. In the early part of June, last year, Count Buol expressed himself on the conduct of Russia as to elicit the strongest acknowledgments of satisfaction from the English Government; and on the 15th of that month Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Westmoreland to the purport indicated. Had not the Czar been demented, he would not, even at the outset, have mistaken the sincere solicitude of Austria to escape from impending war for an intention to take part with Russia if war did become inevitable.

Knowing, now, how fruitless were all the labours at conciliation, and merely extricating from the mass of unavailing proceedings this important general fact for perpetual remembrance, that all the powers then engaged in discussion with Russia, were cordially and honestly anxious to preserve peace, and that but one cause frustrated their endeavours—the intractable, insurmountable, and delirious arrogance and pride of the

Emperor Nicholas—marking and setting aside that great fact for future record, we may pass briefly over the unprofitable though protracted course of negotiations. An incident occurred on the 3rd of July, which proved that the Czar, who would debate in order to mislead, was bent, even then, upon removing the question from the Court of pacific discussion and public law, and on placing it under the influence and arbitration of the fiercest passions, and of popular fanaticism. On that day, by command, the manifesto of Nicholas was read in all the Russian churches.

Curiously enough, on the same 3rd of July the fatal step of crossing the Pruth was taken—all, we see, betokening early preparations and foregone conclusions. Four days later Lord Stratford de Redcliffe learned the fact; and on the 20th of July Lord Clarendon received his despatch announcing it (No. 356, Vol. I., p. 385). The dates are here of immense importance, and will be so in perpetuity; for Russia pretends that she crossed the Pruth because we entered the Dardanelles. It is remarkable that not only was the passage of the Pruth not retaliated by any violent measures, but no definite agreement yet subsisted, or was even now framed, between France and England. Russia, therefore, flattered herself she might proceed; and that no one would stop her predetermined course of temporising in words, and striking hard in deeds.

The celebrated Vienna Note was disapproved and rejected by the Porte towards the end of August. That note is the most amusing diplomatic blunder on record. It was understood by those who framed it in one sense, and by both of the two parties for whom it was framed in another; and, in this last, which was its real meaning, it was applauded by Russia as conceding Prince Menschikoff's demands (which it was designed to ignore), and condemned by Turkey for the same reason. The authors of the Note finally recognised this, and, adopting the Turkish modifications in it, sent it to St. Petersburg, where it was now positively refused by the Czar. This refusal was communicated by Baron Brunnow to Lord Clarendon on Sept. 16.

At length, on Sept. 23, after reiterated and urgent instances on the part of the French Government, Lord Clarendon, in the name of our Cabinet, authorised Lord Stratford to summon part of the English fleet to Constantinople; and, on Oct. 1, both the French and English Ambassadors were empowered to call up the whole squadrons. On the same day (another remarkable coincidence, for the former fact was not yet known) the Porte, relying on England and France, declared war; and on the 25th the combined fleets entered the Dardanelles. This is what instigated Russia to cross the Pruth on the 3d of the previous July!

Even after this, Russia succeeded once more in imposing upon the Powers of the west, by professing her willingness to negotiate.

Now, be it remembered that though France and England (the Porte consenting, or rather asking, and a state of war subsisting) had the clearest right, guaranteed by treaty, to enter the Dardanelles, and attack and capture any armed Russian vessel which they might, after notice, encounter; and though Russia had had no such right when she took the initiative, which set her opponents free to act as we have described, but, on the contrary, committed a flagrant act of piracy in forcibly seizing the Principalities, and in treating as conquered their 4,000,000 of Turkish subjects; yet, we say, the instructions given to the combined fleets forbade them to interfere, even yet, with the transport of Russian troops between Russian ports (No. 152, Vol. II.). The whole history of international negotiations affords no parallel to this moderation. It was only after the atrocious carnage of Sinope (communicated to our Cabinet on the 12th of December, by a despatch from Lord Cowley), that orders were sent to confine the Russian ships of war to their own ports. These orders were not sent from London till the 27th of December. We will close this summary with the following excellent despatch from Lord Clarendon to our Minister at St. Petersburg; and with the short letter in which, eight days later, he announced the conclusion of all attempts at negotiation:—

No. 4.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

Foreign-office, January 31, 1854.

Sir,—I herewith inclose the copy of a note addressed to me by Baron Brunnow, together with the copy of my answer.

I enclose also the copy of a despatch from Count Nesselrode, which Baron Brunnow, by orders of his Government, placed in my hands; the purport of which is so extraordinary that I am compelled to desire you to communicate to the Chancellor the impression that it has produced on her Majesty's Government.

This despatch ends by saying, "Un hasard suffit aujourd'hui pour produire une collision d'où naîtrait une conflagration générale, et l'Empereur repousse d'avance la responsabilité de l'initiative qui en aura donné le signal." Hence it would seem that the Russian Government have entirely forgotten the origin of this unhappy quarrel. They would seem to have forgotten that, so soon as the only cause of difference between Russia and the Porte had been satisfactorily terminated, Prince Menschikoff required, in peremptory terms, the assent of the Sultan to a certain large and new interpretation of the Treaty of Kainardji; that, upon the offer of the Turkish Government to substitute other conciliatory assurances for those proposed by Prince Menschikoff, the Russian Ambassador at once quitted Constantinople; that, immediately afterwards, Count Nesselrode required the Porte, within the space of eight days, to send back, signed, the note which the Sultan had previously declared it would be fatal to his independence to accept, under a threat that if his Highness did not comply, Russian armies would occupy the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia; that, when the Sultan refused to submit, under compulsion, to so degrading a demand, the previous threat was at once carried into execution, and provinces of the Sultan, containing 4,000,000 of his subjects, were invaded in time of profound peace by Russian forces; that the territory of the Sultan has since been occupied as a conquered country, the Russian Government thus violating the *status quo* of Europe, contradicting the intentions proclaimed by the great Powers of Europe in 1840 and 1841, and stamping Russia as the disturber of the general peace.

Not content with this aggression, which at first was announced as a temporary occupation, and as a material pledge held only until the demands of Russia upon the Porte should be satisfied, the Emperor of Russia has prepared great armies, at vast expense, apparently with the object of crossing the Danube, and attempting the conquest of Constantinople.

Nor is it to be overlooked, frequently as I have urged the topic, that no injury to the Christian subjects of the Porte afforded even a pretext for such acts. On the contrary, with the introduction of new laws for their protection, their own gradual progress in wealth and intelligence, and by general advance in the arts of peace, the condition of the Christians was manifestly improving.

All the serious events that have since arisen—the deplorable effusion of human blood, the oppression of the people of the Principalities, the aggression upon the Russian territory in Asia, the disaster at Sinope, and the entrance of the combined fleets into the Black Sea—are the direct consequences of the unprovoked conduct of the Russian Government; and if, unhappily, a chance encounter should produce a collision from which a general conflagration should arise, the Emperor of Russia will in vain attempt to throw off a responsibility which must attach to him who, in time of profound peace, first invaded the territory of his unoffending neighbour.

You will read and give a copy of this despatch to Count Nesselrode.—I am, &c., (Signed) CLARENDON.

No. 6.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO SIR G. H. SEYMOUR.

Foreign-office, Feb. 7, 1854.

Sir,—On the evening of the 4th instant Baron Brunnow placed in my hands a note, the copy of which is herewith enclosed (No. 5), announcing that the diplomatic relations between this country and Russia were suspended, and that he was about to leave England with the members of the Russian mission. You will, therefore, immediately on the receipt of this despatch inform Count Nesselrode that you are instructed to withdraw from St. Petersburg, together with every member of her Majesty's mission. You will return to England, and avoid all unnecessary delay in quitting the Russian dominions.

Similar instructions will this day be addressed to M. de Castelbajac by the French Government. I am, &c., (Signed) CLARENDON.

THE COAST-GUARD.—The Admiralty, in drafting the Coast-guard men to serve on board her Majesty's ships, have decided that the men are to enjoy the same amount of pay as they had in the Coast-guard—namely, 3s. a day; in addition to which, they are to have their provisions, according to the allowance of other seamen, gratuitously.





MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE THOMAS.





COLOUR-SERGEANT, ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY.

PRIVATE, ROYAL MARINES.

DRUMMER, ROYAL MARINES.

TROOPS FOR THE WAR.—ROYAL MARINES.—DRAWN FROM LIFE, BY GEORGE THOMAS.



## FINLAND:

## ITS IMPORTANCE IN CONNEXION WITH THE PROBABLE OPERATIONS OF THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE BALTIC.

It is now above forty years since this populous and industrious country was, by the perfidious policy of the late Emperor Alexander, in the midst of profound peace, and without the slightest provocation, wrested from Sweden, upon pretexts as frivolous and untenable as those now advanced in extenuation of the occupation of the two Principalities belonging to the Ottoman Empire.

Taken by surprise by an overwhelming Russian army, in the heart of a severe winter, and unable, at that time, to receive any succour from the mother country, the brave Finlanders, nevertheless, valiantly defended their territory inch by inch, till at length, overcome by masses of the enemy's troops, they were obliged to yield.

Since that period, the country has been ruled by an iron rod. Cajoled at first, oppression and tyranny have since everywhere distinguished the Russian domination. Taxes, conscriptions for army and navy, restrictions on commerce, military occupation of most of the towns, Russian functionaries and spies in every part—these are among the sufferings which have befallen the once happy but now unfortunate inhabitants.

Remembering the mild sway of their former rulers, the Finlanders have never ceased to wish to return to the dominion of the Swedish crown. They have repeatedly sent deputations to Sweden, especially during the reign of Charles John, the late King, to know if their country could hope once more to join their Swedish brethren? His Majesty, closely watched by Russia, could only console them with the following laconic answer:—"Messieurs, l'espoir fait la vie de l'homme." The same spirit still animates this brave people: continuing to endure accumulated injustice from their oppressors, they only wait for a fit opportunity to shake off the Russian yoke.

The Grand Duchy of Finland, as it was formerly called, with a population of above 1,000,000 of intelligent, industrious, warlike, and active people, is a most desirable country. It is, in truth, the most valuable gem in the Russian crown. Producing abundance of corn for its own consumption, as well as for exportation, with a profusion of cattle of every description, it possesses, moreover, immense forests, yielding the finest timber for naval purposes, of which not a small quantity is annually exported to Great Britain, where it is highly appreciated. From its lakes and rivers, with which the country is intersected, abundance of fish, particularly salmon of a superior quality, are taken, and exported to foreign parts, either smoked or pickled. The finest game is found in every part. To these productions may be added immense quantities of tar and pitch, which are shipped to every part of Europe, and are a source of great wealth to the Finlanders.

In most of their towns, which are partly washed by the waters of the Baltic, partly by those of the Gulf of Bothnia, there are excellent dockyards and wharves for building ships; the science of naval architecture is carried to so great a perfection, that few countries, Great Britain and the United States alone excepted, can boast of sending such fine ships to sea as the Finlanders. Receiving models from abroad, their naval architects try as much as possible, if not to improve, at least to equal them. They can build ships of any size, but are obliged to consult the intricate navigation of the Gulf, which, at places, does not admit of any great draught. Many are sent to London to be coppered, after which they are to be met with in every part of the globe. Of sailors, they have the finest specimen. Hence Russia draws her best supply for manning her fleets in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. Sober, hardworking, steady, and active, they perform their duty with cheerfulness; though it sometimes happens that, arriving in an English port, they are seduced by crimps to run away; but these are rare occurrences.

The principal towns in Finland are Abo, the present capital, and Helsingfors, the intended one, close to which is the strong and, by many considered, the impregnable fortress Sveaborg, built by a northern Vanban, the celebrated architect and engineer, Count Ehrensköld, soon after the disastrous wars of Charles XII. It is of immense strength, and requires, according to report, a garrison of nearly 20,000 men to defend it properly. Considered formerly as the key to Sweden, it rested, during successive contests, all attempts at possession. It was only in the course of the unfortunate war of 1808 and 1809, that the commandant, a traitor to his country, whose name is justly held in the greatest execration, allowed himself to be seduced by the promise of Russian gold, which he never received (something like the recent Hungarian chieftain, Görgy), surrendered this stronghold to the Russians. The event created at the time the greatest dismay in Sweden as well as Finland; it enabled Russia to dictate her own hard terms, and peace was soon after concluded.

Sveaborg has since remained in the hands of the Muscovites, who have added to its original strength. Should this fortress happen to be among the first points of attack by the British fleet, it will be a singular coincidence that the same naval hero who displayed, not many years ago so much gallantry and valor at the reduction of St. Jean d'Acre, till then considered impregnable, should also upon the present occasion have to add to the British laurels by mastering Sveaborg. By the possession of this fortress, the road to St. Petersburg is quite open. Two towns are only to be met with, namely Frederickshamn and Wyborg.

In addition to the two capitals, Abo and Helsingfors, mentioned above, Finland possesses the following towns, all more or less in a thriving condition, with dockyards, &c.:—Ullaborg, Gamla Carleby, Nya Carleby, Jacobstad, Wasa, Björneberg, Christinetad, Borgo, and Lovisa, carrying on a considerable commerce to various parts of the world with their own ships.

Let us now glance at the influence which this country may be destined to exercise in the pending contest between Great Britain and Russia. The Finlanders, as we have already observed, are warmly attached to Sweden, and only wait for a fit opportunity to shake off their present fetters. The presence of a British fleet on their coast, with a promise of support in the event of a general rising, would have an electric effect on these brave people, and be a death-blow to Russia.

Sweden, whose policy probably is, or will be, to side with the great Western Powers, since Russia has declared her determination not to respect her professed neutrality, will not lose sight of her former kinship. She will, in her own interest, send a well-equipped army to Finland, in support of any insurrectionary movement; and, acting in concert with the British fleet and her own naval forces, soon scour the country of the last Russian, and restore the brave Finlanders to their pristine happiness. It is, after all, if the expression may be allowed, but recovering stolen property. An appeal to arms would produce a good effect.

To Russia, as we have said before, the loss of Finland will be irretrievable. Much will depend on the celerity of the British fleet. It is to be hoped that neither snow-storms, ice, nor equinoctial gales, rather usual in the north in the course of March, may impede its progress. If it can enter the Baltic, and arrive at the port of Kiel, an excellent harbour for shelter, before the Russians can get their heavy ships in open water, a good account will no doubt be given of them. It is pretty evident that the object of Russia is to detach, by an early hostile demonstration, the Courts of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, from their adopted system of neutrality, and to get their concurrence in the contemplated operations; but Sweden and Norway, as far as it is known, and probably Denmark also, have resolutely refused to deviate from their fixed plan; and, suiting the action to the word, are making the most strenuous efforts to be ready for action both by sea and by land. A strong army is reported to have been despatched to the Island of Gotland, greatly coveted by Russia; and every precaution taken to guard Stockholm against a coup de-main from the Island of Åland, unfortunately situated within a short distance from the Swedish capital. Most desirable would it be if it entered into the instructions of the British Admiral to take immediate possession of this island, which, in the hands of the Muscovites, is a continual source of uneasiness to the inhabitants of Stockholm.

**EXPORTATION OF AMMUNITION.**—The Lords of the Treasury, having received information that firearms and other munitions of war which have been permitted to be shipped in vessels professedly destined to a particular port to which objection was not likely to be made, have been in reality carried to other ports to which permission would not have been granted, their Lordships have instructed the Commissioners of Customs, that in all cases where permission is given by their officers for the export of gunpowder, firearms, ammunition, or other articles prohibited by the recent proclamation to any foreign country, a bond shall be taken that the said articles shall be duly landed at the port for which they are professed to be shipped, and which bond shall be discharged only by a certificate from the British Consul at such port that the said articles have been landed there. Similar precautions have been taken with regard to the removal of such articles coastwise, and their Lordships have directed the Commissioners of Customs to take steps to give effect to this arrangement as quickly as possible.

## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

(From a Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, 25th Feb., 1854.

THE most startling event that has recently occurred in connection with the Eastern Question is the demonstration that has been made by large bodies of the people in the kingdom of Greece in favour of the pretensions of the Emperor of Russia. How far the same spirit may extend among those of their own race who are the subjects of the Sultan, has not been accurately ascertained. There can be no doubt but that they lean more to the side of his declared enemy than to him; but unless, in combination with some striking reverse on the side of Turkey, it is not supposed that their partisanship will assume any dangerous shape.

Russia is accused—and not without reason—of having fomented these hostile feelings that have been shown by the King of Greece's subjects. Otho himself is also said not to discourage them. What is his motive does not seem quite so clear. Religious liberty and equality, of course, are the cry of up by the leaders of the people; but that plea, in reality, has very little to do with the business, for toleration is here granted to men of all persuasions. The bitter remembrance of former wrongs and oppressions inflicted by the hands of the Turks, and the fond belief that their power is tottering to its fall, are some of the real causes of this declaration of hostility towards their former masters.

Ambitious aspirations after national greatness are other elements that may be at work in their minds. It has, of late, been often proposed by political enthusiasts, and speculators, who, of course, have never gone through the practical part of legislation, that the Turkish rule should be swept away, and a Greek one constructed in its place. There is in that idea much that is pleasing to the Greek mind. But that the Allied Powers of Europe will overthrow a long-settled and acknowledged Government, to which they have already pledged their faith and protection, that they will cut out a new country, form the Greeks into a distinct nation, and give them an independent Government, is a mere chimera. The present difficulties of the Allies are quite formidable enough. Such a task would enhance them to an indefinite degree.

The Greeks have had their day. It is long gone by. Their empire, like that of others equally great, has passed away; and they must be contented, like many other fallen nations, to mix with the common races of mankind.

The fleets have made no hostile move yet, nor is there any sign of any rencontre with the Russian ships occurring. Their presence in the Black Sea, must, however, effectually prevent the repetition of any such catastrophe as took place at Sinope, and prove of vast service to the troops in Asia, in securing for them regular supplies of stores and provisions.

It is now generally understood that no operation against Sebastopol shall take place.

Passing down to events of less note, we may mention that the steamers that arrive here are doing a brisk trade in bringing up volunteers for the Sultan's army. The French steamer arrived the other day from Marseilles and the Italian ports. Every available part of the vessel was crowded with passengers, one half of whom were men who came with the intention of tendering their services to that renowned chief, Omar Pacha. A very miscellaneous collection these adventurers formed, and they seemed to eye one another not only with feelings of intense curiosity, but of considerable jealousy. Every one appeared quite confident of being about to enter upon a successful career. Not a few were sanguine enough, we understand, to believe that, by one jump, they would clear all obstacles on the road to fortune, and attain to a position in the military profession which, in ordinary circumstances, demands nearly a life-time of patience, steadiness, and courage to reach. Some were French, who, with the restless spirit of their nation, were anxious to figure in the stirring strife; thinking, at the same time, it could not be brought to a successful issue without their co-operation. Others, Hungarians, who had come from exile in America to improve the double chance that might occur of having pay and promotion in the Turkish army, and of taking part in another insurrection of the Magyars. Others were Italians, who had been deeply implicated in the revolutionary events that broke out, in 1848, in almost every state in Italy—willing to be employed in almost any work, until their native country shall be ripe for another struggle. Not the least part of the number was our own countrymen. They were almost to a man officers in the army, and their appearance was redoubtable to their profession. To complete the list, there was a proportionate supply of doctors and apothecaries, speaking various languages.

A few words of caution we think not out of place to persons at home or elsewhere, who may contemplate coming out here for the same object. To test their expectations of promotion in the Turkish army on their fancied or real superiority in military matters over the same class in that service, is a most erroneous way of calculating on success. The method of finding out what their chance is, would be to ascertain what is the feeling of the Government in reference to such offers, without regard to their own individual merits. The Government has no idea of removing its own field officers and of replacing them with lower grades of British officers, however well up to their business these may be. Should our captains and lieutenants have influence enough to be brought under the notice of the military chiefs here, they must be content to occupy a position under a Turkish commander, who may not only be ignorant of his profession as understood in our army, but be unacquainted with the usages and refinements of good society. At such a connection, I am satisfied nine-tenths of the officers of our army would revolt, and from which they would retire in disgust. Any more liberal scheme of promotion can hardly be expected to prevail even under the dangers that threaten the country against the long-established conservatism of the Turkish system. Adherence to the old practice is the great peculiarity that pervades all the institutions here; and although reform has to a great degree swept away many of their military prejudices, yet the handing over the command of large bodies of their forces to foreigners, is a change which the selfish interests that are at work in the army are too strong to permit. The foreigners, with few exceptions, who have acquired rank in their army, have not done so suddenly, and by passing over the heads of others, but by going through most of the grades of the service. They have become naturalised, and are in their feelings essentially Turks. Turkey is their adopted country. Its language and customs they comprehend as well as the native who has been familiar with them from his infancy.

I have only to add that a man cannot be many days here without having his eyes opened to see that many of the ideas entertained by the English about Turkey and its people, are mere delusions—the creations of romantic feelings, or imperfect information.

VIATOR.

**NAVAL COMFORTS.**—The health and requirements of the troops destined for Russia have been especially cared for. Many necessities, not to say luxuries, have been ordered; and the humblest in the regiment is destined to share in comforts which would have surprised the commanders of bygone campaigns. Even the arrangements of a sea voyage received attention at the hands of the authorities, who have given directions, among others, to provide each man with sufficient marine soap (under Gibbs' patent) to last the trip. In this respect the soldier is better off than the sailor, who, we believe, with a bare exception or so, is still obliged to use a soap for his ablutions which is totally useless in salt water.

**THE NEW REFORM BILL.**—A public meeting, called and presided over by the High Constable of Brighton, was held last week at the Town-hall, for the purpose of considering the provisions of Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill. A resolution declaring that Lord John Russell's bill is an important measure of reform, and that it contains objectionable clauses which should be amended in committee, and that the new Reform Bill is fully entitled to the energetic support of all sincere Reformers, was carried.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SINOPE.

It was moonlight when the last of the leviathan ships of the combined squadron of England and France reached her anchorage in the now-peaceful Bay of Sinope, whose waters had, but a few days before, run so red with the blood of the Turk, and closed over the remains of so many brave and devoted men. We looked upon the lofty and peculiar outline of the principal Boze-tepe; its steep slopes, which had so recently echoed back the Russian thunder, were strongly defined by a bright background of cloudless sky; in the little town beneath, twinkling lights shone out from the ornaments of such of the houses as were unenclosed by the walls. Night threw her mantle over the unroofed mosque, the shattered minarets, the shot-torn hills and the wreck of many a gallant ship. It was difficult to realise in the quiet beautiful scene that now met our view, the sad tragedy which had so recently enlisted the sympathies of Europe, and conducted to bring to this unfrequented port one of the noblest fleets that had ever put to sea, manned by the world's best warriors, the brave champions of the oppressed.

In a few hours morning dawned upon Sinope. A very Turkish-looking place it was, as seen from the anchorage, with its red-tiled overhanging roofs, and its wooden houses standing in the midst of cypresses and other dark evergreens; its picturesque Oriental effect was aided by the ancient turreted walls, which concealed that portion of the town which the fire had devastated.

We landed, not forgetful that Sinope was the birth-place of Diogenes, and once the capital of Mithridates. Passing through the small dockyard (where, strange to say, a fine fifty-gun steamer frigate, in the course of construction, had escaped the hand of the destroyer), we entered the uninclosed suburb, chiefly occupied by the Greeks. Here, on either side, traces of recent war met our view. Clean round holes, of different sizes, through which the shots from the Russian ships had passed, were still unrepaired in the front and sides of the wooden habitations; while, in some of stronger build, the iron missile still remained embedded. One of these intruders was pointed out to us, which had passed through the door of a house; and, after tapping and expending two large casks of wine, had buried itself in a neighbouring wall.

As we ascended the hill, and approached the outskirts of the town, the symptoms of such visitations were more frequent. Wherever we appeared, timid women and children fled from us with exclamations of alarm. Closing their doors, they cautiously reconnoitred us from behind their jealousies; but a few kind words and looks of sympathy soon reassured them. Little children, some of whom were singularly beautiful, came out and invited us into their houses, that they might show us the "large iron balls" which had fallen amongst them, and they were apparently delighted to explain to us the mischief done. Their childish glee and simplicity accorded well with their animated countenances and graceful movements. In our progress we observed a poor woman, who was watching us from her latticed window, whilst we were examining her shot-pierced house. She pointed out to us the direction whence had come the ball which had entered her quiet dwelling; then, making a sign to us that it had passed through the heart of one of her family, she burst into tears, and rushed away. Many of these unoffending people were thus destroyed; and it is said that no less than a hundred and fifty, amongst whom were many sick, were thus killed, or perished in the flames.

The Christian Consul's house had not escaped; and we found the hill above the demolished, but temporarily re-constructed, fort, ploughed up and perforated with shot and shell, in every direction. Beneath, lay the bows of one of the Turkish frigates: she had blown up, and the ground was literally covered with burnt fragments of her timbers and portions of her wreck.

Returning through the Turkish quarter of Sinope, enclosed within the walls, we found how complete had been the work of destruction. It was here that the Russian shells had fallen and set fire to the town, and the greater part of it was a black and irreparable ruin. The eye rested only upon heaps of stones, and half-consumed walls; no ques, bath, and fountains, had shared the common fate. One tall minaret still stood, erect among the ruins, although scorched by the flames, and battered by cannon. It was sad to see, in this scene of devastation, melancholy-looking groups of veiled sufferers gliding amongst the remains of what had once been their homes, for lost or buried property; and sadder still to see, crouching beneath the accustomed but unroofed wall, more than one family of homeless ones.

There sat one of the sufferers—a sorrowing woman, whose face of sadness, her thick yashmak, or linen veil, but ill concealed—surrounded by her miserable children. Cooking and domestic utensils were around them—it was still their home—but it was desolate. With great volubility she poured forth her lamentations, interspersed with numerous maledictions upon the "Moskou" and the "Russ;" for by both these names are the Russians designated by the Turks. We tried to comfort her by saying that the Moskou would come no more; but she only looked upon her children with a wild cry, raised her hands to heaven, and shrieked "Insh'Allah, Insh'Allah!" (Would to God it were so!)

We passed by but one fountain, which the fire had not destroyed. Through the western gate we proceeded between the massive gigantic walls of the old fortress and the breaking billows of the Black Sea, as they dashed up the rocks to the spot where the murderous combat had been most violent. Here the line of newly-made graves, extending far along the sandy shore, and the wrecks of many ships lying around, pointed out too truly the fatal locality. The sand had been loosely thrown over these graves, in which the collected remains of the victims had been interred so hurriedly, that here and there, as we passed them, a limb of the dead might be seen to protrude. The sea had just thrown up the bodies of two Turks, and they were left lying upon the beach, which was strewn with every variety of fragment belonging to a ship's equipment. The place was almost impassable, from the mass of miscellaneous articles which had belonged to the destroyed vessels. Far inland the grass and fields were covered with burned fragments of the blown-up ships, and copper bolts and chains, and spurs, and shreds of clothing of the poor fellows whose bodies had been scattered to the winds.

More than two hundred yards from the beach, midway up a lofty hill, and at least a quarter of a mile from the remains of the ship from which it must have been thrown, we found an anchor weighing nearly fifteen hundred weight.

A cottage on this hill overlooked the scene. It had been struck by the bolts of Russian thunder, which lay imbedded in its garden. A fine-looking old Mussulman sat outside, smoking his chibouque. His calm, majestic countenance exhibited no signs of emotion—your true Turk never shows any—he continued smoking; he noticed not our approach, nor our remarks on the breached walls. What was it to him? It was his kismet—his fate—and he smoked on.

The massacre of Sinope (for by a milder term such an unequal contest can scarcely be called) must ever be a blot upon the Russian name, a stain upon the Russian arms. Many hundreds of the brave sons of Turkey and of Egypt sleep upon Sinope's shores, or beneath the wild waves which lave them. They sank unconquered with the flag they would not strike. All honour to their memory!

AN OFFICER ON BOARD H.M.S. "BELLEROPHON."

## THE WAR ON THE DANUBE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

From the commencement of the publication of your very useful Journal, I have been in the habit of taking copies of it weekly for the benefit of friends at a distance, as a means of conveying a larger amount of information than they would like to wade through in letter-press. The Drawings have almost invariably been executed with very great taste, but, beyond that, with a correctness which affords evidence of the Artist's full acquaintance with the details of the subject under his treatment.

This I have all along noticed and admired; but the late numbers of your Journal, referring to the War on the Danube, have conveyed such abundance of useful and truthful information on the subject, that I do not hesitate to volunteer my evidence as to the extreme correctness of all the Illustrations, of which the originals are known to me; feeling that it must be very satisfactory to you to receive such a confirmation from a person who has lately travelled through a great part of the country in question. Moreover, as your Engravings are most peculiarly useful in rendering immediately intelligible the mass of information which reaches this country through other sources, it will be some satisfaction to your readers to know that such reliance can be placed on the accuracy of such Illustrations.

London, March 10, 1854.

A SUBSCRIBER.

P.S.—I send you my card.

**THE SOUND DUTIES.**—The United States Government is said to have formally protested against the toll taken at the Sound; and the Danish Government has put the paper away in the same department of the public archives which already contains a myriad of similar protests to this. It is probable that the Danish Government will negotiate with Jonathan on this subject.



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